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THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON:

Written

By

F R A: Q VARLES.

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1631.

TO
THE VNCORRVPTED
LOVER OF ALL GOODNES,
and my Honourable Friend,
S^r JAMES FULLERTON Knight,
One of the Gentlemen of his Ma^{ties}
Bed-chamber, &c.

SIR;



Here be three sorts of
Friends: The first is like
a Torch, we meet in a
darke street: The second
is like a Candle in a
Lanthorn, that we over-
take: The third is like a Linke, that of-
fers it selfe to the stumbling Passenger:
The met Torch is that sweet-lipt Friend,
which lends us a flash of Complement

THE EPISTLE.

for the time, but quickly leaves us to our former darknesse: The overtaken Lan-thorne is the true Friend; which, though it promise but a faint light, yet it goes a-long with us, as farre as it can, towards our Fournies end: The offered Linke is the mercenary Friend; which, though it be ready enough to doe us service, yet that service hath a servile relation to our bountie. Sir; in the middle ranke I finde you, hating the first, and scorning the last; to whom, in the height of my undissem-bled affection, and unfained thankfulnes, I commend my selfe, and this booke, to re-ceive an equall censure, from your uncor-rupted judgement: In the Bud, it was yours; it blossomed, yours; and now, your favourable acceptance confirmes the fruit yours: All I crave, is, that you would be pleased to interpret these my intenti-ons

DEDICATORIE.

*ons to proceed from an ardent desire, that
bath long beene in labour to expresse
the true affections of him*

That holds it an honor
to honor you

FRA: QVARLES.

To THE READER.



HE tyranny of my Aſ-
faires was never yet ſo
imperious, but I could
ſteale ſome howers to my
private Meditations; the
fruits of which ſtolne time

I here present thee with, in the *History of Samſon*: Wherein, if thy extreme ſeverity
checke at any thing, which thou conceivest
may not ſtand with the majesty of this ſacred
Subiect; know, that my intention was not
to offend my brother: The wiſeſt of Kings,
inspired by the King of Wiſedome, thought
it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy
Proverbs, to deſcribe a Harlot like a Harlot,
Her whorish Attire; her immodest Gesture,
her bold Countenance; her flattning Tongue;
her laſcivious Embraces; her unchaſt Kisses;
her impudent Invitations: If my deſcriptions
in the like kinde, offend; I make no question
but the validitie of my Warrant will give a
reaſonable ſatisfaction: Hee that lifts not his

feet

TO THE READER.

feet high enough, may easily stumble: But on the contrary, If any be, whose worse then Sacrilegious mindes shall prophane our harmelesse intentions with wanton conceits, to such I heartily wish, a *Procul ite*; Let none such looke farther then this Epistle, at their owne perils: If they doe, let them put off their shooes, for *this is holy Ground*: Foule hands will muddle the clearest waters: and base mindes will corrupt the purest Text: If any offence be taken, it is by way of stealth, for there is none willingly given: I write to *Bees*, and not to *Spiders*: They will suck pleasing hony from such flowers: These may burst with their owne poysen: But you, whose well-seasond hearts are not distempered with either of these extremities, but have the better rellysh of a Sacred understanding, draw neere, and reade.

ISing th' illustrious, and renowned story
Of mighty Samson; The eternall glory
Of his Heroicke acts: His life, His death:
Quicken my Muse with thy diviner breath,
Great God of Muses, that my prosp'rous rimes
May live and last to everlasting times;
That they unborne may, in this sacred story,
Admire thy goodnes, and advance thy glory.

THE

THE
HISTORIE
OF
SAMSON.

SECT. I.

ARGUMENT.

*A holy Angell doth salute
The wife of Manoah, and inlarge
Her barren wombe with promis'd fruit
Of both their loynes. The Angels charge.*

Within the Tents of *Zorah* dwelt a man
Of *Jacobs* seed, and of the Tribe of *Dan*,
Knowne by the name of *Manoah*; to whom
Heaven had deni'd the treasure of the wombe;
His Wife was barren; And her prayres could not
Remove that great reproach, or clese that blot
Which on her fruitless name appear'd so foule,
Not to encrease the Tribe of *Dan* one soule:
Long had she, doubtles, stroven with heaven, by prayres
Made strong with teares and sighes; Hopes and despaires
No doubt had often tortur'd her desire
Vpon a Rock, compos'd of frost and fire.

BUT

The History of Samson.

But Heaven was pleas'd to turne His deafned eares
 Against those prayres made strong with sighes and teares:
 She often praid ; but prayres could not obtaine:
 Alas ; she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vaine :
 She pray'd, no doubt; but prayres could finde no roome;
 They proov'd, alas, as barren as her wombe.

Vpon a time (when her unanswer'd prayre
 Had now given just occasion of despaire,
 (Even when her bedrid faith was growne so fraile,
 That very Hope grew heartlesse to prevaile)
 Appear'd an *Angel* to her ; In his face,
 Terrour and sweetnesse labour'd for the place :
 Sometimes, his Sun-bright eyes would shine so fierce,
 As if their pointed beames would even pierce
 Her soule, and stike th'amaz'd beholder dead :
 Sometimes, their glory would dispeirce, and spread
 More easie flames ; and, like the Starre, that stood
 O're *Bethlem*, promise and portend some good :
 Mixt was his bright aspe&t; as if his breath
 Had equall errands both of life and death :
 Glory and Mildnesse seemed to contend
 In his fayre eyes, so long, till in the end,
 In glorious mildnesse, and in milder glory,
 He thus salutes her with this pleasing story.

Woman ; Heaven greets thee well : Rise up, and feare not ;
Forbeare thy faithlesse tremblings ; I appeare not
Clad in the vestments of consuming fire ;
Cheare up, I have no warrant to enquire
Into thy sinnes ; I have no Vyals here,
Nor dreadfull Thunderbolts to makethee feare :

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I have no plagues t'inflict ; nor is my breath
Charg'd with destruction ; or my hand, with death.
No, no ; cheare up ; I come not to destroy ;
I come to bring thee tydings of great joy :
Rowze up thy dull beliefe ; for I appeare,
To exercise thy Faith, and not thy Feare :
The Guide, and great Creator of all things,
Chiefe Lord of Lords, and supreame King of Kings,
To whom an Host of men are but a swarne
Of murmring Gnats ; whose high prevayling arme
Can crush ten thousand worlds, and at one blow
Can strike the earth to nothing, and ore-throw
The Lofts of Heaven ; he that hath the keyes
Of wombes ; to shut, and ope them, when he please ;
He that can all things, that he will, this day,
Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away :
Behold ; thy wombe's inlarg'd ; and thy desires
Shall finde successe : Before long time expires,
Thou shalt conceive : Ere twise five months be runne,
Be thou the joyfull mother of a sonne ;
But see, thy wary palate doe forbear
The juyce of the bewitching Grape ; Beware,
Lest thy desires tempt thy lips to wine,
Which must be faithfull strangers to the Vine.
Strong drinke thou must not tast, and all such meate
The Law proclaines uncleane, refraine to eate :
And when the fruit of thy restored wombe
Shall see the light, take heed no Rasor come
Vpon his fruitfull head ; For from his birth,
Soone as the wombe entrusts him on the earth,

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The child shall be a Nazarite, to God;
 By whose appointment, he shall prove a Rod,
 To scourge the proud Philistians; and recall
 Foore suffring Israel from their slavish thrall.

M E D I T A T. I.

How impudent is Nature, to account
 Those acts her owne, that doe so farre surmount
 Her easie reach ! How purblind are those eyes
 Of stupid mortalls, that have power to rise
 No higher then her lawes, who takes upon her
 The worke, and robbes the Author of his honor !
 Seest thou the fruitfull Wombe ? How every yeare
 It moves thy Cradle; to thy slender cheare,
 Invites another Ghost, and makes thee Father
 To a new Sonne, who now, perchance, hadst rather
 Bring up the old, esteeming propagation
 A thanklesse work of Supererogation :
 Perchance, the formall Mid-wife seemes to thee
 Lesse welcome now; then she was wont to be :
 Thou standst amaz'd, to heare such needlessse Joy,
 And car'st as little for it, as the Boy

That's

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That's newly borne into the world; nay worse,
Perchance, thou grumblest, counting it a curse
Unto thy faint estate, which is not able
To encreaseth the bounty of thy slender Table:
Poore miserable man what ere thou be,
I suffer for thy crooked thoughts; not thee:
Thou tak'st thy children to be gifts of nature;
Their wit, their flowring beauty, comely stature,
Their perfect health; their dainty disposition,
Their vertues, and their easie acquisition
Of curious Arts, their strength's attain'd perfection
You attribute to that benigne complexion,
Wherewith your Goddess, Nature hath endow'd
Their well-dispos'd Organs; and are proud;
And here your Goddess leaves you, to deplore
That such admir'd perfections should be poore:
Advance thine eyes, no lesse then wilfull blind,
And, with thine eyes, advance thy drooping mind:
Correct thy thoughts; Let not thy wondring eye
Adore the servant, when the Master's by:
Looke on the God Nature: From him come
These underprized blessings of the wombe:
He makes thee rich, in children; when his store
Crownes thee with wealth, why mak'st thou thy selfe poore?
He opes thee wombe: why then shouldest thou repine?
They are his children, mortall, and not thine:
We are but Keepers; And the more he lends
To our tuition, he the more commends
Our faithfull trust: It is not every one
Deserves that honor, to command his Son:

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She counts it as a fortune, that's allow'd
To nurse a Prince : (What nurse would not be proud
Of such a Fortune?) And shall we repine,
Great God, to foster any Babe of thine ;
But tis the Charge we feare : Our stock's but small ;
If heaven, with Children, send us wherewithall
To stop their craving stomacks, then we care not :
Great God !

How hast thou crackt thy credit, that we dare not
Trust thee for bread ? How is't, we dare not venture
To keep thy Babes, unlesse thou please to enter
In bond, for payment ? Art thou growne so poore,
To leave thy famisht Infants at our doore,
And not allow them food ? Canst thou supply
The empty Ravens, and let thy children dye ?

Send me that stint, thy wisedome shall thinke fit,
Thy pleasure is my will; and I submit :
Make me deserve that honour thou hast lent
To my fraile trust, and I will rest content.

S E C T.

SECT. 2.

ARGUMENT.

*The Wife of Manoah attended
with fearefull Hope, and hopefull Feare,
The joyfull tydings recommended
to her amazed Husbands eare.*

Thus, when the great *Embassadour* of heaven
Had done that sacred service, which was given
And trusted to his faithfull charge, he spred
His ayre-dividing pineons, and fled:
But now, th' affrighted woman apprehends
The strangenesse of the Message; recommends
Both it, and him, that did it, to her feares;
The newes was welconie to her gratefull eares,
But what the newesman was, did so encrease
Her doubts, that her strange hopes could find no peace;
For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,
O, then her feares would shake it, and destroy
The maine foundation; what her hopes, in vaine,
Did raise, her feares would ruinate againe:
One while, she thought; It was an *Angell* sent;
And then, her feares would teach her to repent
That frightfull thought: But when she deeply waigh'd
The joyfull message, then her thoughts obay'd
Her first conceit; Distracted, with confusion,
Sometimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,

Suggested

Suggested in her too beleeving eares;
 Sometimes she doubts, it was a *Dreame*, that bear
 No waight but in a slumber; till at last,
 Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made hast
 Vnto her husband, in whose eares she brake
 This mind-perplexing secret thus, and spake;
 Sir.

*As my discursive thoughts did lately muse
 On those great blessings, wherewith heaven doth use
 To crowne his children, here; among the rest,
 Me thoughts no one could make a wife more blest,
 And crowne her youth, her age with greater measure
 Of true content, then the unprized treasure
 Of her chaste wombe: but as my thoughts were bent
 Vpon this subject, being in our Tent,
 And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes
 A man of God: His habit, and his guise
 Was such as holy Prophets use to weare,
 But in his dreadfull lookes there did appeare
 Something that made me tremble; In his eye,
 Mildnesse was next with awefull Majestie;
 Strange was his language, and I could not chuse
 But feare the man, although I lik'd his newes;*

Woman (said he) Cheare up, and doe not feare,
 I have no vialls, no nor *Judgements* here;
 My hand hath no *Commission*, to enquire
 Into thy sinnes; nor am I clad in fire:
 I come to bring thee tydings of such things,
 As have their *warrant* from the King of Kings;
 Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come,

Thou

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Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy wombe ;
Before the space of twice five months be runne,
Thou shalt become the parent of a Sonne,
Till then, take heed, thou neither drinke, nor eate
Wines, or strong drinke, or Law-forbidden meate,
For when this promis'd child, shall see the light,
Thou shalt be mother to a Nazarite :

While thus he spake, I trembled : Horrid feare
Vsurpt my quivering heart; Only mine eare
Was pleas'd to be the vessell of such newes,
Which Heaven make good; and give me strength to use
My better Faith : The holy Prophets name
I was affraid t'enquire, or whence he came.

MEDITAT. 2.

And dost thou not admier ? Can such things
Obtaine lesse priviledge, then a Tale, that brings
The audience wonder, entermixt with pleasure ?
Is't a small thing, that Angells can finde leisure
To leave their blessed seates; where, face to face,
They see their God, and quit that heavenly place,
The least conception of whose joy, and mirth,
Transcends th'united pleasures of the earth ?

C

Must

Must Angells leave their Thrones of glory thus,
 To watch our foot-steps, and attiend on us ?
 How good a God have we ! whose eyes can wincke,
 For feare they shoulde discover the base sincke
 Of our loath'd sinnes : How doth he stop his care,
 Lest, when they call for Justice, he shoulde heare ?
 How often, Ah, how often doth He send
 His willing Angells, hourelly to attend
 Our steps ; and, with his bounty, to supply
 Our helplesse wants, at our false-hearted cry ?
 The bountcons Ocean, with a liberall hand,
 Transports her laden treasure, to the land ;
 Inriches every Port, and makes each towne
 Proud with that wealth, which now she calls her owne ;
 And what returne they for so great a gaine,
 But sinckes and noysome Gutters, back againe ?
 Even so (great God) thou send'st thy blessings in,
 And we returne thee, Dunghills of our Sinne :
 How are thy Angells hacknei'd up and downe
 To visit man ? How poorely doe we crowne
 Their blessed labours ? They with Ioy, dismount,
 Laden with blessings, but returneth' account
 Of Filth and Trash : They bring th' unvalued prize
 Of Grace and promis'd Glory, while our eyes
 Disdaine these heavenly Factors, and refuse
 Their proferd wares ; affecting, more, to chuse
 A Graine of pleasure then a lemme of glory ;
 We finde no treasure, but in Transitory
 And earth-bred Toyces, while things immortall stand
 Like Garments, to be sold at second hand :

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II

Great God, Thou know'st, we are but flesh and blood;
Alas! we can interpret nothing, good,
But what is evill; deceitfull are our Ioyes;
We are but children, and we whine for Toyes :
Of things unknowne there can be no desire;
Quicken our hearts with the celestiall fire
Of thy discerning Spirit, and we shall know
Both what is good, and good desier too :

Yeuchsafe to let thy blessed Angell come,
And bring the tydings, that the barren wombe
Of our Affections is enlazg'd; O when
That welcome newes shall be revealed, then,
Our soules shall soone conceive, and bring thee forth
The firstlings of a new, and holy birth.

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SECT.

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SECT. 3.

ARGUMENT.

Manoah's wonder turnes to Zeale;
 His zeale, to prayre : His prayres obtaine :
 The Angell that did late reveale
 The joyfull newes, returnes againe.

Now when th' amazed woman had commended
 Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended ;
 Perplexed Manoah, ravisht at the newes,
 Within himselfe, he thus began to muse ;
Strange is the message ! And as strangely done !
Shall Manoah's loynes be fruitfull ? Shall a Sonne
Blesse his last dayes ? Or shall an Issue come
From the chill closset of a barren wombe ?
Shall Manoah's wife give sucke ? and now, at last,
Finde pleasure, when her prime of youth is past ?
Shall her cold wombe be now, in age, restor'd ?
And was't a man of God, that brought the word ?
Or was't some false delusion, that possest
The weaknes of a lonely womans brest ?
Or was't an Angell, sent from heaven, to shew
What Heaven hath will, as well as pow're, to doe ?
 Till then thou must refraine to drinke, or eate,
 Wines, and strong drinke, and Law-forbidden meate ?
 Euill Angells rather woulde instruct to ryot,
 They use not to prescribe so strickt a Dyet ;

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No, no; I make no further question of it,
'Twas some good Angell, or some holy Prophet.
Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face
Upon the ground; and (prostrate in the place,
Where first he heard the welcome tydings) pray'd,
(His wonder now transform'd to Zeale) and said:

Great God; That hast engag'd thy selfe, by vow,
When ere thy little Israell begs, to bow
Thy gratiouseare; O harken to the beast
Of Israel's sonnes, and grant me my request:
By thee, I live, and breathe: Thou did'st become
My gratiouse God, both in, and from the wombe;
Thy precious favours I have still possest,
And have depended on thee, from the Brest:
My simple Infancy hath bin protected,
By thee; my Child-hood taught, my youth corrected,
And sweetly chastned with thy gentle Rod;
I was no sooner; but thou wert my God:
Alltimes declare thee good; This very houre
Can testifie the greatnessse of thy power,
And promptnesse of thy Mercy, which hast sent
This blessed Angell to us, to augment
The Catalogue of thy favours, and restore
Thy servants wombe, whose hopes had even given ore
T' expect an Issue: What thou hast begun,
Prosper, and perfect, till the worke be done:
Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave
A boone, too great for me to beg, or have;
Let that blest Angell, that thou sent'st, of late,
Reblesse us with his presence, and relate,

*Thy will at large, and what must then be done,
When time shall bring to light this promis'd sonne.*

About that time, when the declining Lampe
Trebles each shadow ; when the evening damp
Begins to moisten, and refresh the land,
The Wife of *Manoah* (under whose command
The weaned Lambes did feed) being lowly seated
Upon a Shrubbe (where often she repeated
That pleasing newes, the subject of her thought)
Appear'd the Angell ; he, that lately brought
Those blessed tydings to her : up she rose ;
Her second feare had warrant to dispose
Her nimble foot-steps to unwonted haste ;
She runnes with speed, (she cannot runne too fast)
At length, she findes her husband ; In her eyes,
Were Ioy and Feare ; whilst her lost breath denyes
Her speech, her trembling hands make signes ;
She puffes and pants ; her breathlesse tongue disjoynes
Her broken words : *Behold, behold* (said she)
The man of God, (if man of God he be)
Appear'd againe : These very eyes beheld
The man of God : I left him in our field.

MEDIT.

MEDITAT. 3.

Heaū'n is Gods Magazen ; wherein, he hath
Stor'd up his Vials both of love, and wrath ;
Justice and Mercy, waite upon his Throne ;
Favors and Thunderbolts attend upon
His sacred Will and Pleasure ; Life and Death
Doe both receive their influence from his breath ;
Judgements attend his left ; at his right hand
Blessings and everlasting Pleasures stand :
Heau'n is the Magazen ; wherein, he puts
Both good and evill : Prayre is the key, that shuts
And opens this great Treasure ; Tis a key,
Whose wards are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
Wouldst thou prevent a judgement, due to sin ?
Turne but the key, and thou maist locke it in :
Or wouldst thou have a Blessing fall upon thee ?
Open the doore, and it will shower on thee.
Can Heau'n be false ? Or can th' Almights tongue,
That is all very truth, doe Truth that wrong,
Not to performe a vow ? His lips have sworne,
Sworne by himselfe, that if a Sinner turne

To

To him, by prayre; his prayre shall not be lost
 For want of eare; nor his desier, crost:
 How is it then, we often aske and have not?
 We aske, and often misse, because we crave not
 The things we should: his wisedome can foresee
 Those blessings, better, than wee.
 Hast thou not heard a peevish Infant baule
 To gaine possession of a knife? And shall
 Th' indulgent nurse be counted, wisely kinde,
 If she be mou'd to please his childish minde?
 Is it not greater wisedome, to denie
 The sharp-edg'd knife, and to present his eye
 With a fine harmelesse Puppit? We require
 Things, oft, unfit; and our too fond desire
 Fastens on goods, that are but gloriouſ ills,
 Whilſt Heaven's high wisedome contradicſ our wills,
 With more advantage; for we oft receive
 Things that are farre more fit, for us, to have:
 Experience tells; wee ſeake, and cannot finde:
 We ſeake and often want, because we binde
 The Giver to our times; He knowes we want
 Patience; and, therefore he ſuspenſ his grant,
 To increase our Faith; that ſo we may depend
 Upon his hand: He loves to heare us ſpend
 Our childish mouthes: Things eaſily obtain'd,
 Are lewly priſ'd; but what our prayres have gain'd
 By teares, and groanes, that cannot be expell'd,
 Are farre more deare, and ſweeter, when poſſeſt.
 Great God! whose power hath ſo oft prevail'd
 Against the ſtrength of Princes, and haſt quail'd

Their

Their prouder stomackes; with thy breath, discrown'd
Their heads, and throwne their scepters to the ground,
Striking their swelling hearts with cold despaire,
How art thou conquer'd, and o'recome by Prayre?
Infuse that Spirit, Great God, into my heart,
And I will have a Blessing, ere we part.

D

SECT.

S E C T. 4.

A R G U M E N T.

Manoah desires to know the fashion
 And breeding of his promis'd sonne ;
 To whom the Angell makes relation
 Of all things needfull to be done.

VVith that, the *Danite* rose; being guided
 By his perplexed wife, they, both divided.
 Their heedlesse paces, till they had attain'd
 The field, wherein the *Man of God* remain'd :
 And, drawing nearer to his presence, stai'd
 His weary steps, and, with obeysance, said :

*Art thou the man whose blessed lips foretold
 Those joyfull tidings ? Shall my tongue be bold,
 Without the breach of manners, to request
 This boone, Art thou that Prophet, that possest
 This barren woman with a hope, that She
 Shall beare a Sonne ? He answer'd, I am He :
 Said Manoah, then : Let not a word of thine
 Be lost; let them continue to divine
 Our future happiness : Let them be crown'd
 With truth; and thou with honour, to be found*

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A holy Prophet : Let performance blesse
And speed thy speeches with a faire successe :
But tell me, Sir; When this great worke is done,
And time shall bring to light this promis'd Sonne,
What sacred Ceremonies shall we use ?
What Rites ? What way of breeding shall we chuse
T' observe ? What holy course of life shall he
Be trained in ? What shall his Office be ?
Wheretoat th' attentive Angell did divide
The portall of his lips, and thus replide :

The Child, that from thy fruitfull loynes shall come
Shall be a holy Nazarite, from the wombe ;
Take heed ; that wombe, that shall enclose this Childe,
In no case be polluted or defilde
With Law-forbidden meates : Let her forbear
To tast those things that are forbiddent here.
The bunckbacke Camill, shall be no repast
For her ; Her palate shall forbear to tast,
The burrow haunting Conie, and decline
The swiftfoot-Hare, and miredelighting Swine ;
The griping Goshauke ; and the towring Eagle ;
The party-colour'd Pye must not inveigle
Her lips to move ; the brood devouring Kite ;
The croaking Raven ; The Oule that hates the light ;
The steele-digesting Bird ; The laisie Snaile ;
The Cuckow, ever telling of one tailc ;
The fish-consuming Osprey, and the Want,
That undermines ; the greedy Cormorant ;
Th' indulgent Pelican ; the predictions Crow ;
The chattering Storke, and ravenous Vulter too ;

D 2

The

The thorne-backt Hedgehogge, and the prating Lay;
The Lapwing, flying still the t' other way;
The lofty-flying Falkon, and the Mouse,
That findes no pleasure in a poore mans house;
The suck-egge Weasell, and the winding Swallow,
From these she shall abstaine, and not anhalow
Her op'ned lips with their polluted flesh;
Strong drinke she must forbear, and to refresh
Her lingring palate, with lust-breeding Wine;
The Grape, or what proceedeth from the Vine,
She must not tast, for feare she be defilde,
And so pollute her womb-enclosed Childe:
When time shall make her mother of a Sonne,
Beware, no keen-edg'd Raisor come upon
His hallowed Crowne: The haire upon his head
Must not be cut: His bountious locks must spred
On his broad shoulders: From his first drawne b:reath,
The Child shall be a Nazarite, to his death.

MEDIT.

MEDITAT. 4.

What shallow judgement, or what easie braine
Can choose but laugh at those, that strive, in vaine,
To build a Tower, whose ambitious Spire
Should reach to heaven? What foole would not admire
To see their greater folly? Who would raise
A Tower, to perpetuate the praise
And lasting Glory of their renowned Name,
What have they left, but Monuments of shame?
How poore and slender are the enterprises
Of man; that onely whispers and advises
With heedlesse flesh and blood, and never makes
His God, of counsell, where he undertakes!
How is our God and we of late falne out!
We rather chuse to languish in our doubt,
Then be resolv'd by him; We rather use
The help of hell-bred wizzards, that abuse
The stile of Wise men, then to have recourse
To him, that is the Fountaine and the soure

Of all good Counsells; and, from whom, proceeds
 A living Spring, to water all our needs;
 How willing are his Angells to descend
 From of their throne of Glory, and attend
 Vpon our wants! How oft returne they back
 Mourning to Heaven, as if they grieu'd for lack
 Of our imployment! O, how prone are they
 To be assistant to us, every way!
 Have we just cause to joy? They'l come and sing
 About our beds: Doe's any judgement bring
 Just cause of grieve? They'l fall a greeving too;
 Doe we tryumph? Their joyfull mouths will blow
 Their louder Trumpets; Or doe feares affectus?
 They'l guard our heads from danger, and protectus:
 Are we in Prison, or in Persecution?
 They'l fill our hearts with joy, and resolution:
 Or doe we languish in our sickly beds?
 They'l come and pitch their Tents about our heads;
 See they a sinner penitent, and mourne
 For his bewail'd offences, and returne?
 They clap their hands, and joyne their warbling voices:
 They sing, and all the Quire of heaven rejoices.
 What is in us poore Dust and Ashes, Lord,
 That thou should'st looke upon us, and afford
 Thy precious favours to us, and impart
 Thy gracious Counseles? What is our desert,
 But Death, and Horror? What can we more clame,
 Then they, that now, are scortching in that flame,
 That hath nor moderation, rest, nor end?
 How doe's thy mercy, above thought, extend

The History of Samson.

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To them thou lov'st ! Teach me (great God) to prize
Thy sacred Counsells : Open my blind eyes,
That I may see to walke the perfect way ;
For as I am, Lord, I am apt to stray
And wander to the gulfe of endlesse woe :
Teach me what must be done, and helpe to doe.

SECT.

S E C T. 5.

A R G U M E N T.

Manoah desires to understand,
 But is denide, the Angells name !
 He offers by the Angells hand :
 The Angell vanishes in a flame.

SO said, The sonne of Israel, (easly apt
 To credit, what his soule desir'd, and rapt
 With better hopes, which serv'd him as a guide
 To his beliefe, o'rejoy'd) he thus replide ;
 Let not the man of God, whose Heavenly voice
 Hath blest mine eare, and made my soule rejoice,
 Beyond exprefiou, now refuse to come
 Within my Tent, and honour my poore home
 With his desired presence; there to tast
 His servants slender diet, and repast
 Vpon his Rurall fare : These hands shall take
 A tender Kidde from out the flockes, and make,
 (Without long tarriance) some delightfull meate,
 Which may invite the man of God to eate :
 Come, come (my Lord) And what defect of food
 Shall be, thy servants welcome shall make good :

Where

Where to the *Angell* (who as yet had made
Himselfe unknowne) reanswer'd thus, and said.

*Excuse me: Though thy hospitable love
Prevaile to make me stay, it cannot move
My thankfull lips to tast thy liberall cheare;
Let not thy bounty urge in vaine; Forbeare
To strive with whom, thy welcome cannot leade
To eateth thy Kid; or tast thy profer'd bread;
Convert thy bounty to a better end,
And let thy undefiled hands commend
A burnt oblation to the King of Kings;
Tis he, deserves the thankes; his servant brings
But that bare message with his lips enjoyne;
His be the glory of the Act, not mine.*

Said then the Israelite; *If my desire
Be not to over rash, but may conspire
With thy good pleasure, let thy servants eare
Be honour'd with thy name; that whensoere
These blessed tidings (that possesse my heart
With firme belief,) shall in due time impart
Their full perfection, and desir'd successe
To my expecting eye, my soule may blesse
The tongue that brought the message, and proclaim
An equall honour to his honour'd name.*

To whom, the *Angell* (whose severer brow
Sent forth a frowne) made answere; *Doc not thou
Trouble thy busie, houghts with things, that are
Above thy reach; Enquier not too farre;
My name is cloath'd in mists; Tis not my taske,
To make it knowne to thee; nor thine, to aske:*

With that, the Danite tooke a tender *Kid*,
And said; my Lord, *The Tribe of Dan's forbid*
To burne an offering; Only Levites may,
And holy Porphets: If thou please to lay
The sacrifice on yonder sacred Stone,
I'ee fetch thee fire, for fier there is none,
Forbeare thy needlessse paines, the Angell said
Heaven will supply that want; With that, he laid
The offering on; and, from the stone, there came
A sudden fire, whose high ascending flame
Burnt and consum'd the accepted Sacrifice;
Now, whilst th' amaz'd beholders wondring eycs
Where taken captives with so strange a sight,
And whist the new-wrought miracle did affright
Their tremblidg hearts, the Man of God (whose name
Must not b' inquired) vanisht in the flame,
And left them both, unable to expound
Each others feares; both groveling on the ground.

MEDITAT. 5.

A Thankfull heart hath earnd one favour twice;
But he, that is ungratefull, wants no vice:
The beast, that only lives the life of Sense,
Prone to his severall actions and propense
To what he does, without th' advice of will,
Guided by nature (that does nothing ill)
In practicke Maximes, proves it a thing hatefull,
To accept a Favour, and to live ungratefull:
But man, whose more diviner soule hath gain'd
A higher step, to reason: nay, attai'nd
A higher step then that, the light of grace,
Comes short of them; and in that point, more base
Then they, most prompt and perfect in that rude,
Vnnaturall, and high sinne, Ingratitude:
The Stall-fed Oxe, that is growne fat, will know
His carefull feeder, and acknowledge too:
The prouder Stallion, will at length espy,
His Masters bounty, in his Keepers eye:
The ayre-dividing Faulkon, will requite
Her Faulkners paynes, with a well pleasing flight:

The generous Spaniell, loves his Masters eye,
And licks his fingers, though no meat be by;
But Man, ungratefull Man, that's borne, and bred
By Heavens immediate powre; maintain'd and fed
By his providing hand; observ'd, attended
By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended
By his prevailing arme; this Man, I say,
Is more ungratefull, more obdure then they:
By him, we live and move; from him, we have
What blessings he can give, or we can crave:
Food for our Hunger; Dainties, for our pleasure;
Trades, for our busines; Pastimes, for our leasure;
In greife, he is our Ioy; in want, our Wealth;
In bondage, Freedome; and in sicknes, Health;
In peace, our Counsell; and in warre, our Leader;
At Sea, our Pilot; and, in Suites, our Pleader;
In paine, our Helpe; in Triumph, our Renowne;
In life, our Comfort; and in death, our Crowne;
Yet Man, O most ungratefull Man, can ever
Enjoy the Gift, but never mind the Giver;
And like the Swine, though pamper'd with enough,
His eyes are never higher then the Trough:
We still receive: Our hearts we seldom lift
To heaven; But drown the giver in the Gift;
We tast the Skollops, and returne the Shells;
Our sweet Pomgranats, want their silver Bells:
We take the Gift; the hand that did present it,
We oft reward; forget the Friend, that sent it.
A blessing given to those, will not disburse
Some thanks, is little better then a curse.

Great giver of all blessings ; thou that art
The Lord of Gifts ; give me a gratefull heart :
O give me that, or keepe thy favours from me :
I wish no blessings, with a Vengeance to me.

S E C T. 6.

A R G V M E N T.

*Affrighted Manoah and his wife
 Both prostrate on the naked earth :
 Both rise : The man despaires of life ;
 The woman cheares him : Samsons birth.*

(weares
VV Hen time, (whose progresse moderates and out-
 Th' extreamest passions of the highest Feares)
 By his benignant power, had reinlarg'd
 Their captive senses, and at length, discharg'd
 Their frighted thoughts, the trembling Couple rose
 From their unquiet, and disturb'd repose :
 Have you beheld a *Tempest*, how the waves
 (Whose unresisted Tyranny out-braves
 And threatens to grapple with the darkned Skies)
 How like to moving *Mountaines* they arise
 From their distempred *Ocean*, and assaile
 Heavens *Battlements*; nay when the windes doe faile
 To breathe another blast, with their owne motion,
 They still are swelling, and disturbe the *Ocean* :
 Even so the *Danite* and his trembling wife,
 Their yet confused thoughts, are still at strife

In

In their perplexed brests, which entertain'd
Continued feares, too strong to be refrain'd:
Speechlesse they stood, till Manoah that brake
The silence first, disclos'd his lips and spake ;
*What strange aspect was this, that to our sight
Appear'd so terrible, and did affright
Our scattering thoughts? What did our eyes behold?
I feare our lavish tongues have bin too bold:
What speeches past betweene us? Can'st recall
The words we entertain'd the time withall?
It was no man; It was no flesh and blood;
Me thought, mine eares did tingle, while he stood,
And commun'd with me: At each word, he spake
Me thought, my heart recoil'd; his voice did shake
My very Soule, but when as he became
So angry, and so dainty of his name,
O, how my wonder-smitten heart began
To faile! O, then I knew, it was no man :
No, 'no; It was the face of God: Our eyes
Have seene his face: (who ever saw't, but dies?)
We are but dead; Death dwells within his eye,
And we have seen't, and we shall surely die :
Where to the woman, (who did either hide,
Or else had over come her feares) replide;*

*Despairing Man; take courage, and forbear
These false predictions; there's no cause of feare:
Would Heaven accept our offerings, and receive
Our holy things; and, after that, bereive
His servants of their lives? Can he be thus
Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us?*

Hath he not promis'd that the time shall come,
 Wherein the fruits of my restored wombe
 Shall make thee Father to a hopefull Sonne?
 Can Heaven be false? Or can these things be done
 When we are dead? No, no; His holy breath
 Had spent in vaine, if he had ment our death:
 Recall thy needless feares; Heaven cannot lye;
 Although we saw his face, we shall not dye.
 So said; they brake off their discourse, and went,
 He, to the field; and she into her Tent:

Thrice forty dayes not full compleate, being come,
 Within th' enclosure of her quickned wombe,
 The babe began to spring; and, with his motion,
 Confirm'd the faith, and quickned the devotion
 Of his believing parents, whose devout
 And heaven-ascending *Orizans*, no doubt,
 Were turn'd to thankes, and heart-rejoycing praise,
 To holy *Hymnes*, and heavenly *Roundelaies*:
 The child growes sturdy; Every day gives strength
 Vnto his wombe fed limmes; till at the length,
 Th' apparent mother, having past the date
 Of her accoumpt, does onely now awaite
 The happy houre, wherein she may obtaine
 Her greatest pleasure, with her greatest paine.
 When as the faire directresse of the night
 Had thrice three times repair'd her wained light,
 Her wombe no longer able to retaine
 So great a guest, betrai'd her to her paine,
 And for the tailesome worke, that she had done,
 She found the wages of a new borne Sonne:

Samson

Samson, she call'd his name : The childe encreast,
And hourelly suckt a blessing with the brest ;
Daily his strength did double : He began
To grow in favour both with God and Man :
His well attended Infancie was blest
With sweetnesse ; in his Childhood, he exprest
True seeds of Honour ; and his youth was crown'd
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd
His honour'd name ; His courage was supplide
With mighty strength : His haughty spirit deside
An hoast of men : His power had the praise
Bove all that were before, or since his dayes :
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoin'd
So strong a body, with so stout a minde.

M E D I T A T. 6.

How pretious were those blessed dayes, wherein
Soules never startled at the name of Sin !
When as the voyce of Death had never yet
A mouth to open, or to clame a debt !
When basfull nakednesse forbare to call
For needless skinnes to cover Shame withall

F

When

When as the fruit-encreasing earth obey'd
The will of Man without the wound of Spaide,
Or helpe of Art ! When he, that now remaines
A cursed Captive to infernall chaines,
Sate singing Anthems in the heavenly Quire,
Among his fellow Angells ! When the Eryer,
The fruitlesse Bramble, the fast growing weed,
And downie Thistle had, as yet, no seed !
When labour was not knowne, and man did eat
The earths faire fruits, unearned with his sweate !
When wombes might have conceiu'd without the staine
Of sinne, and brought forth children, without paine !
When Heaven could speake to mans unfrighted care,
Without the sense of sin-begotten feare !
How golden were those dayes ? How happy than
Was the condition and the State of man !
But Man obey'd not : And his proud desire
Cing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fier :
But Man transgresst ; And now his freedome feeles
A sudden change : Sinne followes at his heeles :
The voice calls Adam : But poore Adam flees,
And, trembling, hides his face behind the trees :
The voice, whilere, that ravisht with delight
His joyfull eare, does now, alas, affright
His wounded conscience, with amaze and wonder :
And what, of late, was musicke, now, is Thunder :
How have our sinnes abus'd us ! and betrai'd
Our desperate soules ! What strangenesse have they made
Betwixt the great Creator, and the worke
Of his owne hands ! How closely doe they lurke

To our distempred soules, and whisper feares
And doubts into our frighted hearts and eares !
Our eyes cannot behold that glorious face,
Which is all life, unruin'd in the place :
How is our natures chang'd ? That very breath
Which gave us being, is become our death :
Great God ! O, whither shall poore mortalls flic
For comfort ? If they see thy face, they dye ;
And if thy life-restoring count' nance give
Thy presence from us ; then we cannot live :
How necessary is the ruine, than,
And misery of sin-beguiled Man !
On what foundation shall his hopes relic ?
See we thy face, or see it not, we dye :

O, let thy word (great God) instruct the youth
And frailty of our faith ; Thy word is truth :
And what our eyes want power to perceive,
O, let our hearts admier, and beleevre.

S E C T. 7.

A R G U M E N T.

Samson at Timnah falls in love
And fancies a Philistian maid :
He moves his parents : They reprove
His sinfull choice : dislike, dissuade.

Now when as strong limb'd *Samson* had dispos'd
His trifling thoughts to children, and disclos'd
His bud of child-hood, which being overgrowne,
And blossome of his youth so fully blowne,
That strength of Nature now thought good to seeke
Her entertainment on his downy cheeke,
And with her manly bounte did begin
To uneffeminate his smoothe chin,
He went to *Timnah*; whither, did resort
A great concourse of people, to disport
Themselves with pastime; or, perchance, to show
Some martiall Feates (as they were wont to doe)
Scaffolds were builded round about, whereon
The Crowne of eye delighted lookers on
Were closely pil'd: As *Samsons* wandring eye

Was

Was ranging up and downe, he did espy
A comely Virgin, beautifull and young,
Where she was seated mid'st the gazing throng :
The more he view'd the more his eye desir'd
To view her face; and as it view'd, admir'd;
His heart, inflam'd; his thoughts were all on fire ;
His passions all were turn'd into desire ;
Such were his lookes, that she might well discry
A speaking lover, in his sparkling eye :
Sometimes his *reason* bids his thoughts beware,
Lest he be catcht in a *Philistine* snare;
And then, his thwarting *passion* would reply
Feare not to be a prisoner to that eye :
Reason suggests; 'Tis vaine, to make a choice,
Where parents have an over-ruling voice :
Passion replies, That feare and filiall duty
Must serve affection, and subscribe to beauty :
Whilst *Reason* faintly mov'd him to neglect,
Prevailing *Passion* urg'd his soule t'aflect :
Passion concludes; Let her enjoy thy heart :
Reason concludes; But let thy tongue impart
Thy affection to thy parents, and discover
To them, thy thoughts : With that the wounded lover
(Whose quicke divided paces had out-runne
His lingring heart) like an observant soane,
Repaires unto his parents; fully made
Relation of his troubled thoughts, and said,
Sir.
This day, at Timnah, to these wretched eyes,
Being taken captive with the novelties;

Which entertain'd my pleased thoughts, appear'd
 A fairer object; which, hath so endear'd
 My very soule, (with sadness so distrest)
 That this poore heart can finde no ease, no rest;
 It was a Virgin; in whose Heavenly face,
 Unpattern'd Beauty, and diviner Grace
 Were so conjoyn'd, as if they both conspir'd
 To make one Angell; when these eyes enquir'd
 Into the exc'ience of her rare perfection,
 They could not choose but like, and my affection
 Is so inflamed with desire, that I
 Am now become close prisoner to her eye;
 Now if my sad Petition may but finde
 A faire successse, to ease my tortur'd minde;
 And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove
 As prone to pity mine; as mine, to love;
 Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,
 And be the husband of so faire a wife.

Whereto, th' amazed parents, (in whose eye
 Distast and wonder percht) made this reply;

What strange desire, what unadvis'd request
 Hath broken loose from thy distract'd breſt?
 What! are the daughters of thy brethren grownne
 So poore in Worth, and Beauty? Is there none
 To please that over-curious eye of thine,
 But th' issue of a cursed Philistine?
 Can thy miswandering eyes choose none, but her,
 That is the child of an Idolater?
 Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soule rejoice
 In lawfull beauty: Make a wiser choice:

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How well this counsell pleas'd the tired cares
Of love-sicke Samson; O, let him that beares
A crost affection judge: Let him discover
The woefull case of this afflicted lover:
What easie pensell cannot represent
His very looks? How his sterne Browes were bent?
His drooping head? his very port and guise?
His bloodlesse cheekes, and deadnesse of his eyes?
Till, at the length, his moving tongue betrai'd
His sullen lips to language, thus; and said: Sir.

Th' extreame affection of my heart does leade
My tongue, (that's quickned with my love) to pleade
What, if her parents be not circumcis'd?
Her issue shall; and she, perchance, advis'd
To worship Israells God; and, to forget
Her fathers house; Alas; she is, as yet,
But young; her downy yeares are greene, and tender;
Shee's but a twigge, and time may easly bend her
T' embrace the truth: Our counsells may controule
Her sinfull breeding, and so save a soule:
Nay; who can tell, but Heaven did recommend
Her beauty to these eyes, for such an end?
O loose not that, which Heaven is pleas'd to save,
Let Samson then obtaine, as well as crave:
You gave me being, then prolong my life.
And make me husband to so faire a wife.
With that, the parents joyn'd their whispering heads;
Samson observes; and, in their parly, reads
Some Characters of hope; The mother smiles;
The father frownes; which, Samson reconciles

With

With hopefull feares ; She smiles, and crownes
 His hopes; which, He deposes with his frownes :
 The whispring ended; jointly they displaid,
 A halfe resolved countenance, and said,

*Samson, suspend thy troubled minde a while,
 Let not thy over-charged thoughts recoile :
 Take heed of Shipwracke ; Rockes are neere the Shore :
 Wee'l see the Virgin, and resolve thee more.*

 M E D I T A T. 7.

Love is a noble passion of the heart ;
 That, with it very essence doth impart
 All needfull Circumstances, and effects
 Ynto the chosen party it affects ;
 In absence, it enjoies ; and with an eye.
 Fill'd with celestiall fier, doth espy
 Objects remote : It joyes, and smiles in griefe ;
 It sweetens poverty ; It brings relief ;
 It gives the Feeble, strength ; the Coward, spirit ;
 The sicke man, health ; the undeserving, merit ;
 It makes the proudman, humble ; and the stout
 It overcomes ; and treads him under foote ;

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It makes the mighty man of warre to droope;
And him, to serve, that never, yet, could stoope ;
It is a Fire whose Bellowes are the breath
Of heaven above, and kindled here beneath :
Tis not the power of a mans election
To love; He loves not by his owne direction;
It is nor beauty, nor benigne aspect
That always moves the Lover, to affect ;
These are but meanes : Heavens pleasure is the cause ;
Love is not bound to reason, and her Lawes
Are not subjected to the imperious will
Of man : It lies not in his power to nill :
How is this Love abus'd ! That's onely made
A snare for wealth, or to set up a trade ;
T' enrich a great mans Table, or to pay
A desperate debt; or merely to allay
A base and wanton lust ; which done, no doubt,
The love is ended, and her fier out :
No; he that loves for pleasure, or for pelfe,
Loves truly, none; and, falsely, but himselfe :
The pleasure past, the wealth consum'd and gone,
Love hath no subject now to worke upon :
The props being falne, that did support the roofe,
Nothing but Rubbish, and neglected Stuffe,
Like a wilde Chaos of Confusion, lies
Presenting uselesse ruines to our eyes :
The Oyle that does maintaine loves sacred fire,
Is vertue mixt with mutuall desire
Of sweet society, begunne and bred
I'th soule; nor ended in the mariage bed :

G

This

This is that dew of Hermon, that does fill
The soule with sweetnesse, watring Sions hill ;
This is that holy fire, that burnes and lasts,
Till quencht by death ; The other are but blasts,
That faintly blaze like Oyle-forsaken snuffes,
Which every breath of discontentment puffes
And quite extinguishes ; and leaves us nothing
But an offensive subiect of our loathing.

SECT.

SECT. 8.

ARGUMENT.

He goes to Timnah: As he went,
He slew a Lyon, by the way;
He sues; obtaines the Maides consent:
And they appoint the mariage day.

W^En the next day had, which his morning light,
Redeem'd the East frō the darke shades of night;
And, with his golden raies, had overspred
The neigbring Mountaines; from his loathed Bed,
Sicke-thoughted Samson rose, whose watchfull eyes,
Morpheus that night had, with his leaden keyes,
Not power to close: His thoughts did so incumber
His restlesse soule, his eyes could never slumber;
Whose softer language, by degrees, did wake
His fathers sleepe-bedeafned cares, and spake;

Sir; Let your early blessings light upon
The tender bosome of your prosp'rous Sonne,
And let the God of Israel repay
Those blessings, double, on your head, this day:
The long-since banisht shaddows make me bold
To let you know, the morning waxes old;

The Sunbeames are growne strong; their brighter hiew
Have broke the Mists, and dride the morning dewe;
The sweetnesse of the season does invite
Your steps to visit Timnah, and acqnite
Your last nights promise :

With that, the Danite and his wife arose,
Scarce yet resolv'd, at last, they did dispose
Their doubtfull paces, to behold the prize
Of Samsons heart, and pleasure of his eyes ;
They went; and when their travell had attain'd
Those fruitfull hills, whose clusters entertain'd
Their thirsty palats, with their swelling pride,
The musing lover being stept aside
To gaine the pleasure of a lonely thought,
Appear'd a stell ag'd Lyon, who had sought,
(But could not finde) his long desired prey ;
Soone as his eye had given him hopes to pay
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault.
His empty stomacke found, he made assault
Vpon th' unarmed lovers brest, whose hand
Had neither staffe, nor weapon, to withstand
His greedy rage ; but he whose mighty strength
Or sudden death must now appeare, at length,
Stretcht forth his brawny arme, (his arme supplide
With power from heaven) and did, with ease, divide
His body limme from limme, and did betray
His flesh to foules, that lately sought his prey :
This done; his quicke redoubled paces make
His stay a mends, his nimble steps oretake
His leading parents; who by this, discover

The smoake of *Timnah* : Now the greedy Lover
Thinkeſ every ſtep, a mile; and every pace,
A meaſur'd League, untill he ſee that face,
And finde the treaſure of his heart, that lies
In the faire Casket of his Miſtrefſe Eyes ,
But, all this while, cloſe *Samſon* made not knowne
Vnto his parents, what his hands had done :
By this, the gate of *Timnah* entertaines
The welcome travellers : The parents paines
Are now rewarded with their ſonnes beſt pleaſure :
The Virgin comes ; His eyes can finde no leaſure,
To owne another object : O, the greeting
Th' impatiēt lovers had at their firſt meeting !
The Lover ſpeakes ; She anſwers ; He replies ;
She bluſhes ; He demandeth ; She denyes ;
He pleads affection ; She doubts ; Hee ſues
For nuptiall love ; She queſtions ; Hee renewes
His earneſt ſuite : Importunes ; She relents ;
He muſt have no deniall ; She conſents :
They paſſe their muſuall loves : Their joyned hands
Are equall earneſts of the nuptiall bands :
The parents are agreed ; All parties pleaſ'd ;
The day's ſet downe ; the lovers hearts are eas'd ;
Nothing diſpleaſes now, but the long ſtay
Betwixt th' appointment, and the mariage day.

MEDITAT. 8.

Tis too severe a censure : If the Sonne
Take him a wife; the mariage fairely done,
Without consent of parents, (who perchance
Had rais'd his higher price, knew wheret' advance
His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)
He lives, a Fornicator ; She, a VWhore :
Too hard a censure ! And it seemes to me,
The parent's most delinquent of the three :
What, if the better minded Son doe aime
At worth ? What, if rare vertues doe inflame
His rapt affection ? What, if the condition
Of an admir'd, and dainty disposition
Hath won his soule ? Where as the covetous Father
Findes her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,
T' an old worne widow, whose more weighty purse
Is fill'd with gold, and with the Orphans curse ;
The sweet exubrance of whose fall-mouth'd portion
Is but the cursed issue of extortion ;
Whose worth, perchance, lies onely in her weight,
Or in the bosome of her great estate ;

What

The History of Samson.

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What, if the Sonne, (that does not care to buy
Abundance at so deare a rate) deny
The soule-detesting profer of his Father,
And in his better judgement chooses, rather,
To match with meaner Fortunes, and desert ?
I thinke that Mary chose the better part.

What noble Families (that have outgrowne
The best records) have quite bin overthowne
By wilfull parents, that will either force
Their sonnes to match, or haunt them with a curse !
That can adapt their humours, to rejoice,
And fancy all things, but their childrens choice !
Which makes them, often, timerous to reveale
The close desiers of their hearts, and steale
Such matches, as, perchance, their faire advice
Might, in the bud, have hindred in a trice ;
Which done, and past, O, then their hastie spirit
Can thinke of nothing, under Disinherit ;
He must be quite discarded, and exilde ;
The furious father must renounce his childe ;
Nor Prayre nor Blessing must he have; bereiven
Of all; Nor must he live, nor die forgiven ;
When as the Fathers rashnesse, often times,
Was the first causer of the Childrens crimes.

Parents; be not too cruell: Children doe
Things, oft, too deepe for us t' enquire into :
What father would not storme, if his wild Sonne
Should doe the deed, that Samson here had done ?
Nor doe I make it an exemplar act ;
Only, let parents not be too exact,

To

To curse their children, or to dispossesse
Them of their blessings, Heaven may chance to blesse :
Be not too strict : Faire language may recure
A fault of youth, whilst rougher words obdure.

S E C T.

SECT. 9.

ARGUMENT.

Samson goes downe to celebrate
His mariage, and his nuptiall feast:
The Lyon, which he slew of late
Hath hony in his putrid brest:

When as the long expected time was come,
Wherein these lingring Lovers should consumme
The promis'd mariage, and observe therites,
Pertaining to those festivall delights,
Samson went downe to Timnah ; there, t'enjoy
The sweet possession of his dearest joy ;
But as he past those fruitfull Vineyards, where
His hands of late, acquit him of that feare
(Wherewith the feirce assaulting Lyon quail'd
His yet unpractis'd courage) and prevail'd
Upon his life; as by that place he past,
He turn'd aside, and borrowed of his hast,
A little time, wherein his eyes might view
The Carkas of the Lyon which he slew ;
But when his wandring footsteps had drawne neere
The unlamented herse, his wandring eare

H

Perceiv'd

Perceiv'd a murmur^{ing} noise, discerning not
 From whence that strange confusion was, or what;
 He staies his steps, and harkens; still, the voice
 Presents his eare, with a continued noyse;
 At length, his gently moveing feet apply
 Their paces to the Carkas, where his eye
 Discernes a Swarme of Bees, whose laden thighes
 Repos'd their burthens, and the painefull prize
 Of their sweet labour in the hollow Chest
 Of the dead Lyon, whose unbowell'd brest
 Became their plentious storehouse, where, they laid
 The blest encrease of their labourious Trade;
 The fleshly Hive was fild with curious Combcs,
 Within whose dainty wax-divided roomes,
 Were shops of hony, whose delicious tast
 Did sweetly recompence th' adjourned hast
 Of flingring *Samson*, who does now repay
 The time he borrow'd from his better way,
 And with renewed speed, and pleasure flies,
 Where all his soule-delighting treasure lies;
 He goes to *Timnab*; where, his heart doth finde
 A greater sweetnesse, then he left behinde;
 His hasty hands invite her gladder eyes
 To see, and lips to tast that obvious prize,
 His interrupted stay had lately tooke,
 And as she tasted, his fixt eyes would looke
 Vpon her varnished lips; and, there, discover
 A sweeter sweetnesse, to content a Lover:
 And now the busie Virgins are preparing
 Their costly Iewells, for the next dayes wearing;

Each.

Each lappe is fill'd with Flowers, to compose
The nuptiall Garland, for the Brides faire browes;
The cost-neglecting Cookes have now encraest
Their pastry dainties, to adorne the feast;
Each willing hand is lab'ring to provide
The needfull ornaments, to deck the *Bride*.

But now, the crafty *Philistins*, for feare
Lest *Samsons* strength, (which startled every eare
With dread and wonder) under that pretence,
Should gaine the meanes, to offer violence;
And, through the shew of nuptiall devotion,
Should take advantages to breed commotion,
Or lest his popular power, by coaction
Or faire entreats, may gather to his faction
Some loose and discontented men of theirs,
And so betray them to suspected feares;
They therefore to prevent ensuing harmes,
Gave strict-command, that thirty men of armes,
Vnder the maske of *Bridemen*, should attend
Vntill the nuptiall ceremonies end.

M E D I T A T. 9.

How high, unutterable, how profound,
(Whose depth the line of knowledge cannot sound)
Are the decrees of the Eternall God !
How secret are his wayes- and how untrod
By mans conceipt, so deeply charg'd with doubt !
How are his Counsells past our finding out !
O, how unscrutable are his designes !
How deepe, and how unsearchable are the Mines
Of his abundant Wisedome ! How obscure
Are his eternall Judgements ! and how sure !
Lists he to strike ? The very Stones shall flie
From their unmov'd Foundations, and destroy :
Lists he to punish ? Things that haue no sense,
Shall vindicate his Quarrell, on th' Offence :
Lists he to send a plague ? The winters heate
And summers damp, shall make his will compleate :
Lists he to send the Sword ? Occasion brings
New Icalousies betwixt the hearts of Kings .

Will

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Wills he a famine? Heaven shall turne to brasse,
And earth to Iron, till it come to passe:
With stokes, and stokes, and plants and beasts fulfill
The secret Counsell of his sacred will,
Man, onely wretched Man, is disagreeing
To doe that thing, for which he hath his being:
Samson must downe to Timnah; In the way,
Must meete a Lyon, whom his hands must slay;
The Lyon's putrid Carkas must enclose
A swarne of Bees; and, from the Bees, arose
A Riddle; and that Riddle must be read
And by the reading, Choller must be bred,
And that must bring to passe Gods just desigues
Upon the death of the false Philistines:
Behold the progresse, and the royll Geftes
Of Heavens high vengeance; how it never rests,
Till, by appointed courses, it fufill
The secret pleasure of his sacred will.

Great Saviour of the world; Thou Lambe of Sion,
That hides our finnes: Thou art that wounded Lyon:
O, in thy dying body, we have found
A world of hony; whence we may propound
Such sacred Riddles, as shall, underneath
Our feet, subdue the power of Hell and Death;
Such Mysteries, as none but he, that plough'd
With thy sweet Hayfer's, able to uncloud;
Such sacred Mysteries, whose eternall praise
Shall make both Angells, and Archangells raise
Their louder voices; and, in triumph, sing,
All Glory and Honour to our highest King,

H 3

And

And to the Lambe, that sits upon the throne ;
Worthy of power and praise is he, alone,
Whose glory hath advanc'd our key of mirth ;
Glory to God, on high ; and peace, on Earth.

S E C T.

S E C T. IO.

ARGUMENT.

*The Bridegroom, at his nuptiall Feast,
To the Philistians, doth propound
A Riddle: which they all addrest
Themselves, in counsell, to expound.*

Now, when the glory of the next dayes light
Had chas'd the shadows of the tedious night,
When coupling Hymen, with his nuptiall bands,
And golden Fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands;
When jolly welcome had, to every Guest,
Expos'd the bounty of the mariage Feast;
Their now appeased stomachs did enlarge
Their captive tongues, with power to discharge
And quit their Table-duty, and disburse
Their store of enterchangeable discourse,
Th' ingenious Bridegroome turn'd his rolling eyes
Upon his guard of Bridemen, and applies
His speech to them: And, whilst that every man
Lent his attentive eare, he thus began;

*My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound;
I have a doubtfull Riddle, to propound;*

Which,

Which if your joyned wisedomes can discover,
 Before our seauen dayes feasting be past over ;
 Then, thirty Sheets, and thirty new supplies
 Of Rayment shall be your deserved prize :
 But if these seven dayes feast shall be dissolv'd,
 Before my darkned Riddle be resolu'd,
 Ye shall be all engaged to resigne
 The like to me, the vict'ry being mine :
 So said; the Bridemen, whose exchanged eyes
 Found secret hopes of conquest, thus replies :

Propound thy Riddle : Let thy tongue dispatch
 Her cloudy errand : We accept the match :
 With that, the hopefull Challenger convai'd
 His Riddle to their hearkning eares, and said;

The Riddle.

Our food, in plenty, doth proceed
 From him, that us'd to eate ;
 And he, whose custome was to feede
 Does now afford us meate ;
 A thing that I did lately meet,
 As I did passe along,
 Afforded me a dainty sweet,
 Yet was both sharp and strong :

The doubtfull Riddle being thus propounded,
 They muse; the more they mus'd, the more confounded :
 One rownds his whispring neighbour, in the eare,
 Whose lab'ring lips deny him leave to heare :

Another

Another, trusting rather to his owne
Conceit, sits musing, by himselfe, alone :
Here, two are closely whispering, till a third
Comes in, nor to the purpose speakes a word :
There, sits two more, and they cannot agree
How rich the cloaths, how fine the Sheets must be :
Yonder stands one that, musing, smiles; no doubt,
But he is neere it, if not found it out ;
To whom another rudely rushes in,
And puts him quite besides his thought agin :
Here, three are whispring, and a fourth's intrusion
Spoiles all, and puts them all into confusion :
There, sits another in a Chaire, so deepe :
In thought, that he is nodding fast a sleepe :
The more their busie fancies doe endeaver,
The more they erre; Now, further off, then ever :
Thus when their wits, spur'd on with sharp desire,
Had lost their breath, and now began to tire,
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her strength ;
And, weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length
Present a new exploit : Craft must supplie
Defects of wit; Their hopes must now relic
Vpon the frailty of the tender Bride ;
She must be mov'd; Perswasions may attaine ;
If not, then rougher language must constraine :
She must disclose the *Riddle*, and discover
The bosome secrets of her fafhfull lover.

MEDITAT. 10.

There is a time, to laugh: A time, to turne
Our smiles to teares: There is a time to mourne:
There is a time for joy; and a time for grieve;
A time to want; and a time to finde relieve;
A time to binde; and there's a time to breake;
A time for silence; and a time to speake;
A time to labour; and a time to rest;
A time to fast in; and a time to feast:
Things, that are lawfull, haue their times and use;
Created good; and, onely by abuse,
Made bad: Our sinfull usage does unfashion
What heauen hath made, and makes a new creation:
Joy is a blessing: but too great excesse
Makes Joy, a Madnesse, and, does quite unblesse
So sweet a gift; And, what, by moderate use;
Crownes our desiers, banes them in th' abuse:
Wealth is a blessing; But too eager thurst
Of having more, makes what we have, accurst:
Rest is a blessing; But when Rest withstands
The healthfull labour of our helpfull hands,

It proves a curse; and stains our guilt, with crime,
Betraies our irrecoverable time:
To feast and to refresh our hearts with pleasure,
And fill our soules with th' overflowing measure
Of heavens blest bounty, cannot but commend
The pretious favours of so sweet a friend;
But, when th' abundance of a liberall diet,
Meant for a blessing, is abus'd by Riot,
Th' abus'd blessing leaves the gift, may worse,
It is transform'd, and turn'd into a curse:
Things that afford most pleasure, in the use,
Are ever found most harmfull in th' abuse:
Use them like Masters; and their tyrannous hand
Subjects thee, like a slave, to their command:
Use them as Servants; and they will obey thee;
Take heed; They'l eyther blesse thee, or betray thee.

Could our Fore-fathers but revive, and see
Their Childrens Feasts, as now a dayes they be;
Their studyed dishes; Their restoring stuffe,
To make their wanton bodies sinne enough;
Their stomacke-setting Sallats, to invite
Their wastfull palats to an appetite;
Their thirst-procuring dainties, to refine
Their wanton tastes, and make them strong, for wine;
Their costly viands, charg'd with rich perfume;
Their Viper-wines, to make old age presume
To feele new lust, and youthfull flames agin,
And serve another prentiship to sinne;
Their time-betraying Musicke; their base noise
Of odious Fidlers, with their smooth-fac'd boyes,

Whose tongues are perfect, if they can proclaim
The Quintessence of basenesse, without shame ;
Their deepe mouth'd curses ; New invented Oathes,
Their execrable Blasphemy, that loathes
A minde to thinke on ; Their obseaner words ;
Their drunken Quarrells ; Their unsheathed swords ;
O how they'd blesse themselves, and blush, for shame,
In our behalfe, and hast from whence they came,
To kisse their graves, that hid them from the crimes
Of these accursed and prodigious times.

Great God ; O, can thy patient eye behold
This height of sinne, and can thy Vengeance hold ?

S E C T.

S E C T. II.

ARGUMENT.

*The Philistins cannot unsolve
The Riddle : They corrupt the Bride ;
She woos her Bridegroome to resolve
Her doubt, but goes away denyde.*

Now when three dayes had run their howers out,
And left no hope for wit-forsaken doubt
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers
Conjoyn'd their whispring heads; (being all partakers
And joyn't-advisers in their new-laid plot)
The time's concluded : Have yee not forgot
How the old Tempter, when he first began
To worke th' unhappy overthrow of man,
Accosts the simple woman; and reflects
Vpon the frailty of her weaker Sex ;
Even so these curs'd Philistians (being taught
And tutord by the selfe same spirit) wrought
The selfe same way; Their speedy steps are bent
To the faire Bride; Their hast could give no vent
To their coarcted thoughts; their language made
A little respite; and, at length, they said;

Fairest of Creatures : Let thy gentle heart
 Receive the crowne, due to so faire desert ;
 We have a Suit, that must attend the leisure
 Of thy best thoughts, and joy-restoring pleasure ;
 Our names, and credits linger at the stake
 Of deepe dishonour : If thou undertake,
 With pleasing language, to prevent the losse,
 They must sustaine, and draw them from the drosse
 Of their owne ruines, they shall mereley owe
 Themselves unto thy goodnesse, and shall know
 No other patron, and acknowledge none,
 As their redeemer, but thy love alone :
 We cannot read the Riddle, where unto
 We have engag'd our goods, and credits too ;
 Entice thy jolly Bridgroome, to unfold
 The hidden Myst'ry, (what can he withhold
 From the rare beauty of so faire a brow ?)
 And when thou knowst it, let thy servants know :
 What ? dost thou frown ? And must our easie tryall,
 At first, reade Hieroglyphiske of deniall ?
 And art thou silent too ? Nay, wee'l give ore
 To tempt thy bridall fondnesse any more :
 Betray your lovely husbands secrets ? No,
 You'l first betray us, and our Land : But know,
 Proud Samsons wife, our furies shall make good
 Our losse of wealth and honour, in thy blood :
 Where faire entreaties spend themselves, in vaine,
 There fier shall consume, or else constraine :
 Know then, false hearted Bride, if our request
 Can find no place within thy sullen brest,

Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,
And burne thy Fathers house, and thee, with fire :
Thus having lodg'd their errand in her eares,
They left the roome; and her, unto her feares ;
Who thus bethought ; Hard is the case, that I
Must or betray my husbands trust, or dye ;
I have a Wolfe by th' eares; I dare be bold,
Neither with safety, to let goe, nor hold :
What shall I doe ? Their minds if I fulfill not,
'Tis death; And to betray his trust, I will not :
Nay, should my lips demand, perchance, his breath
Will not resolve me : Then, no way, but death :
The wager is not great; Rather the strife
Were ended in his losse, then in my life ;
His life consists in mine, If ought amisse
Befall my life, it may endanger his :
Wagers must yeeld to life; I hold it best,
Of necessary evills, to choose the least :
Why doubt I then? When Reason bids me doe ;
Ile know the Riddle, and betray it too :
With that, she quits her chamber, with her cares,
And in her closet locks up all her feares,
And, with a speed untainted with delay,
She found that brest, wherein her owne heart lay ;
Where resting for a while, at length, did take
A faire occasion to looke up, and spake :

*Life of my soule, and loves perpetuall treasure,
If my desires be suiting to thy pleasure,
My lips would move a Suite; My doubtfull brest
Would faine preferre an undenyde request :*

Speake

Speake then (my joy) : Let thy faire lips expound
 That dainty Riddle, whose darke pleasure crown'd
 Our prst dayes feast; Enlighten my dull braine,
 That, ever since, hath mus'd, and mus'd in vaine;
 Who, often smiling on his lovely Bride,
 That longs to goe away resolv'd, repli'd;
 Joy of my heart, let not thy troubled brest
 Take the deniall of thy small request,
 As a defect of love : excuse my tongue
 That mast not grant thy suite without a wrong
 To resolution, daring not discover
 The hidden Mys'ry, till the time be over ;
 Cease to importune then, what can not be ;
 My parents know it not, as well as thee :
 In ought but this, thy Suite shall overcome me ;
 Excuse me then, and goe not angry from me.

 M E D I T A T. II.

How apprehensive is the heart of Man
 Of all, and onely those poore things that can
 Lend him a minuts pleasure, and appay
 His sweat but with the happiness of a day !

How

How can he toyle for trifles, and take paine
For fading goods, that only entertaine
His pleased thoughts with poore and painted shewes,
Whose joy hath no more truth, then what it owes
To change ! How are the objects of his musing
Worthlesse, and vaine, that perish in the usynge ?
How reasonable are his poore desires,
The height of whose ambition, but aspires
To flitting shadowes, which can onely crowne
His labour, with that nothing, of their owne !
We feed on huskes, that might as well attaine
The fatted Calfe, by comming home againe :
And, like to Esau, while we are suppressing
Our present wants, neglect and lose the blessing :
How wise we are for things, whose pleasure cootes
Like breath; For everlasting joyes, what Fooles !
How witty, how ingeniously wise,
To save our credits, or to win a prize !
We plot; Our browes are studious: First we try
One way; If that succeed not, we apply
Our doubtfull minds t' attempt another course :
We take advise; consult; our tongues discourse
Of better wayes; and, what our failing braines
Cannot effect with faire, and fruitlesse paines,
There, crooked fraud must help, and sly deceit
Must lend a hand; which, by the potent sleight
Of right-forsaking Bribrie, must betray
The prize into our hands, and win the day,
Which if it faile (it does but seldom faile) ;
Then open force, and fury must prevale :

When strength of wit, and secret power offraud
Grow dull, constraint must conquer, and applaud
With ill got vict'ry; which, at length obtaind,
Alas, how poore a trifle have we gaind!

How are our soules distempered; to engrosse
Such fading pleasures! To o're-prize the drosse,
And under-rate the gold! for painted joyes,
To sell the true; and heaven it selfe for Toyes!

Lord; clarifie mine eyes, that I may know
Things that are good, from what are good in shew:
And give me wisedome, that my heart may learne
The diffrence of thy favours, and discerne
What's truly good from what is good, in part;
With Martha's trouble, give me Maries heart.

S E C T. 12.

A R G U M E N T.

*The Bride shee begs, and begs in vaine :
But like to a prevailing wooer,
She sues, and sues, and sues againe ;
At last he reads the Riddle to her.*

W
HEN the next morning had renew'd the day,
And th' earely twilight now had chac'd away
The pride of night, and made her lay aside
Her spangled Robes, the discontented Bride
(Whose troubled thoughts were tired with the night,
And broken slumbers long had wisht for light)
With a deepe sigh, her sorrow did awake
Her drowsie Bridegroome, whom she thus bespake ;
*O, if thy love could share an equall part
In the sad griefes of my afflicted beart,
Thy closed eyes had never, in this sort,
Bin pleasd with rest, and made thy night so short ;
Perchance, if my dulleyes had slumbred too,
My dreames had done, what thou denide to doe :
Perchance, my Fancy would have bin so kinde,
T' unsolve the doubts of my perplexed minde ,*

Twas a small suite, that thy unluckie Bride
 Must light upon: Too small, to be denyde:
 Can love so soone — ? But ere her lips could spend
 The following words, he said, suspend, suspend
 Thy rash attempt, and let thy tongue dispense
 With forc'd denyall: Let thy lips commence
 Some greater Suite, and Samson shall make good
 Thy faire desiers, with his dearest blood:
 Speake then, my love; thou shalt not wish, and want;
 Thou canst not beg, what Samson cannot grant:
 Onely, in this, excuse me: and refraine
 To beg, what thou, perforce, must beg in vaine.

Inexorable Samson: Can the teares
 From those faire eyes, not move thy deafned eares?
 O can those drops, that trickle from those eyes
 Vpon thy naked bosome, not surprize
 Thy neighb'ring heart? and force it to obey?
 O can thy heart not melt, as well as they?
 Thou little thinkst thy poore afflicted wife
 Importunes thee, and woes thee for her life:
 Her Suit's as great a Riddle to thine eares,
 As thine, to hers; O, these distilling teares
 Are silent pleaders, and her moistned breath
 Would faine redeeme her, from the gates of death?
 May not her teares prevaile? Alas, thy strife
 Is but for wagers; Her's, poore Soule, for life.

Now when this day had yeelded up his right
 To the succeeding Empresse of the night,
 Whose soone-deposed raigne did reconvay
 Her crowne and Scepter to the new borne day,

The

The restlesse Bride (feares cannot brooke deniall)
Renewes her suite, and attempts a further tryall ;
Entreats; conjures; she leaves no way untride :
She will not; no, she must not be denide :
But he (the portalls of whose marble heart
Was lockt and barr'd against the powerfull art
Of oft repeated teares) stood deafe and dumbe ;
He must not, no, he will not be o'recome.

*Poore Bride ! How is thy glory overcast !
How is the pleasure of the nuptialls past,
When scarce begun ! Alas, how poore a breath
Of joy, must puffe thee to untimely death !
The day's at hand, wherein thou must untie
The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must die ;*

Now, when that day was come wherein the feast
Was to expire; the Bride, (whose pensive brest
Grew sad to death) did once more undertake
Her too resolved Bridegroome thus, and spake :

*Vpon these knees, that prostrate on the floore,
Are lowly bended, and shall nev'r give ore
To move thy goodnesse, that shall never rise,
Vntill my Suite finde favour in thine eyes,
Vpon these naked knees, I here present
My sad request : O let thy heart relent ;
A Suitor sues, that never sued before ;
And she begs now, that never will beg more :
Hast thou vow'd silence ? O remember, how
Thou art engaged by a former vow ;
Thy heart is mine ; The secrets of thy heart
Are mine ; Why art thou dainty to iesspart*

Mine owne, to me ? Then, give me leave to sue
 For what, my right may challenge as her due ;
 Vnfold thy Riddle then, that I may know,
 Thy love is more, then only love, in shew :

The Bridegroome, thus enchanted by his Bride,
 Vnseal'd his long-kept silence, and replide :
 Thou sole, and great commandresse of my heart,
 Thou hast prevail'd, my bosome shall impart
 The summe of thy desiers, and discharge
 The faithfull secrets of my soule, at large ;

Know then, (my joy) Vpon that very day,
 I, first, made knowne my affection, on the way,
 I met, and grappled with a sturdy Lyon,
 Having nor staffe nor weapon, to relie on,
 I was enforc'd to proove my naked strength ;
 Vnequall was the match ; But, at the length,
 This brawney arme, receiving strength from him
 That gave it life, I tore him limme from limme,
 And left him dead : Now when the time was come,
 Wherein our promis'd nuptialls were to summe,
 And perfect all my joyes, as I was comming
 That very way, a strange confused humming,
 Not distant farre, possest my wondring eare ;
 Where guided by the noise, there did appeare
 A Swarme of Bees, whose busie labours fill'd
 The Carkasse of that Lyon which I kill'd,
 With Combes of Hony, wherewithall I fed
 My lips and thine : And now my Riddle's read.

MEDITAT. 12.

The soule of man, before the taint of Nature,
Bore the faire Image of his great Creator;
His understanding had no cloud: His will
No crosse: That, knew no Error; This, no ill:
But man transgreſt; And by his wofull fall,
Lost that faire Image, and that little all
Was left, was all corrupt: His understanding
Exchang'd her object; Reason left commanding;
His Memory was depraved, and his will
Can finde no other ſubject now, but Ill:
It grew diſtemperd, left the righteous reine
Of better Reason, and did entartaine
The rule of Paſſion, under whose command,
It ſuffered Ship-wracke, upon every Sand:
Where it ſhould march, it evermore retires;
And, what is moft forbidd, it moft desires:
Love makes it ſee too much; and often, blinde;
Doubt makes it light, and waver like the wind;
Hate makes it fierce, and ſtudious; Anger, mad;
Joy makes it careleſſe; Sorrow, dull and ſad;

Hope

Hope makes it nimble, for a needless tryall;
Feare makes it too impatient of deniall.
Great Lord of humane soules; O thou, that art
The onely true refiner of the heart;
Whose hands created all things perfect good,
What canst thou now expect offlesh and blood?
How are our leprous Soules put out of fashion!
How are our Wills subiected to our passion!
How is thy glorious Image soil'd, defac'd,
And stain'd with sinne! How are our thoughts displac'd!
How wavering are our hopes, turn'd here and there
With every blast! How carnall is our feare!
Where needs no feare, we start at every shade,
But feare not, where we ought to be affraid.

Great God! If thou wilt please but to refine
Our hearts, and reconforme our wills, to thine,
Thou'l take a pleasure in us, and poore we
Should finde as infinite delight in Thee;
Our doubts would cease, our feares would all remove,
And all our passions would turne Joy, and Love;
Till then, expect for nothing that is good:
Rememb're, Lord, we are but Flesh and Blood.

SECT. I3.

ARGUMENT.

*The Philistines, by her advice,
Expound the Riddle : Samson kill'd
Thirty Philistians, in a trice;
For sakes his Bride : His Bed's defil'de.*

NO sooner was the Brides attentive eares
Resolv'd and pleas'd; but her impetuous feares
Calls in the Bridemen; and, to them betray'd
The secret of the Riddle thus, and said :

*You Sonnes of Thunder; I was not the loud noise
Of your provoking threats, nor the soft voice
Of my prevailing feares, that thus addrest
My yeelding heart to grant your forc'd request;
Your language needed not have bin so rough
To speake too much, when lesse had bin enough:
Your speech at first, was hony in mine eare;
At length, it prov'd a Lyon, and did teare
My wounded soule: It sought to force me to
What your entreaties were more apt to doe:
Know then (to keepe your lingring eares no longer
From what ye long to heare;) There's nothing stronger
Then a fierce Lyon: Nothing more can greet
Your pleased palats, with a greater sweet,*

L

Then

Then Hony : But more fully to expound,
In a dead Lyon, there was Hony found.

Now when the Sun was welking in the West,
(Whose fall determines both the day, and Feast)
The hopefull Bridegroome (he whose smiling brow
Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)
Even thirsting for victorious Tryumph, brake
The crafty silence of his lips, and spake :

*The time is come, whose latest hower ends
Our nuptiall Feast, and fairely recommends
The wreath of Conquest to the victors brow ;
Say; Is the Riddle read ? Expound it now ;
And, for your paines, these hands shall soone resigne
Your conquerd prize : If not ; The prize is mine :
With that, they joyn'd their whispring heads, and made
A Speaker; who, in louder language, said ;*

*Of all the sweets, that ere were knowne,
There's none so pleasing be,
As those rare dainties, which doe crowne
The labour of the Bee :*

*Of all the Creatures in the field ;
That ever man set eye on,
There's none, whose power doth not yeeld
Vnto the stronger Lyon.*

Whereto th' offended Challenger, whose eye
Proclaim'd a quicke Revenge, made this reply :

*No Hony's sweeter then a womans tongue ;
And, when she list, Lyons are not so strong :
How thrice accurs'd are they, that doe fulfill
The lewd desiers of a woman's will !*

How more accrue's d is he, that doth impart
His bosome secrets to a woman's heart ;
They plead like Angells, and, like Crocadiles,
Kill with their teares ; They murther with their smiles :
How weake a thing is woman ? Nay how weake
Is senslesse Man, that will be urg'd to breake
His counsells in her eare, that hath no power
To make secure a secret, for an hower !
No: victors, no : Had not a woman's minde
Bin faithlesse, and unconstant, as the winde,
My Riddle had, till now, a Riddle bin ;
You might have mus'd; and mist; and mus'd agin,
When the next day had heav'd his golden head
From the soft pillow of his Seagreene bed ;
And, with his rising glory, had possest
The spacious borders of th' enlightened East,
Samson arose; and, in a rage, went downe
(By heaven directed) to a neighb'ring towne ;
His choller was inflam'd; and, from his eye
The sudden flashes of his wrath did flie,
Palenesse was in his cheeke's; and, from his breath,
There flew the fierce Embassadours of death ;
He heav'd his hand; and where it fell, it slew ;
He spent, and still his forces would renew ;
His quick-redoubled blowes fell thicke as thunder ;
And, whom he tooke alive, he tore in sunder :
His arme nere mist; And often, at a blow,
He made a Widow, and an Orphane too :
Here, it divides the Father from the child ;
The husband, from his wife; there, it dispoild

The friend on's friend, the sister of her brother;
And, oft, with one man, he would thrash another :
Where never was, he made a little flood,
And where there was no kin, he joyn'd in blood,
Wherein, his ruthlesse hands he did imbrue;
Thrice ten, before he scarce could breathe, he slue;
Their upper Garments, which he tooke away,
Were all the spoiles the victor had, that day;
Wherewith, he quit the wagers that he lost,
Paying *Philistians*, with *Philistians* cost;
And thus, at length, with blood he did asswage,
But yet not quench the fier of his rage,
For now the thought of his disloyall wife,
In his sad soule, renew'd a second strife,
From whom, for feare his fury should recoile,
He thought most fit t' absent himselfe awhile;
Vnto his fathers Tent, he now return'd;
Where, his divided passion rag'd, and mourn'd;
In part, he mourned; and, he rag'd, in part,
To see so faire a face; so false a heart :
But marke the mischiefe that his absence brings;
His bed's defiled, and the nuptiall strings
Are stretcht and crackt: A second love doth smother
The first; And she is wedded to another.

M E D I T A T. 13.

VV As this that wombe, the Angell did enlarge
From barrennesse? And gave so strickt a charge?
Was this that wombe, that must not be defil'd
With uncleane meates, lest it pollute the child?
Is this the Nazarite? May a Nazarite, then,
Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men?
Or may their vowes be so dispens'd withall,
That they, who scarce may see a funerall,
Whose holy footsteps must beware to tread
Upon, or touch the carkasse of the dead?
May these revenge their wrongs, by blood? May these
Have power to Kill, and murther where they please?

Tis true: A holy Nazarite is forbid
To doe such things as this our Nazarite did:
He may not touch the bodies of the dead,
Without pollution; much lesse, may shed
The blood of man, or touch it, being spilt,
Without the danger of a double guilt:
But who art thou, that art an undertaker,
To question with, or pleade against thy Maker?
May not that God, that gave thee thy creation,
Turne thee to nothing, by his dispensation?

He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands
 It shal be kept with unpolluted hands;
 Yet, if he please to countermand agin,
 Man may securely labour, and not sin;
 A Nazarite is not allow'd to shed
 The blood of man, or once to touch the dead;
 But if the God of Nazarites, bids kill
 He may; and be a holy Nazarite still:

But stay! Is God like Man? Or can he border
 Vpon confusion, that's the God of order?
 The Persian Lawes no time may contradict;
 And are the Lawes of God lesse firme and strict?

An earthly Parent wills his child to stand
 And waite; within a while, he gives command
 (Finding the weakenesse of his Sonne opprest
 With weariness) that he sit downe and rest;
 Is God unconstant then; because he pleases
 To alter, what he will us, for our eases?
 Know, likewise, O ungratefull flesh and blood,
 God limits his owne glory, for our good;
 He is the God of mercy, and he prizes
 Thine Asses life, above his Sacrifices;
 His Sabbath is his glory, and thy rest;
 Hee'll lose some honour, ere thou lose a Beast:

Great God of mercy; O, how apt are wee
 To robbe thee of thy due, that art so free
 To give unaskt! Teach me, O God, to know
 What portion I deserve, and tremble too.

S E C T. 14.

A R G U M E N T.

Samson comes downe to reenjoy
His wife : Her father does withstand :
For which, he threatens to destroy
And ruine him, and all the land.

B Vt Samson, (yet not knowing what was past,
For wronged husbands ever are the last
That heare the newes) thus with himselfe bethought;
It cannot be excus'd: It was a fault,
It was a foule one too ; and, at first sight,
Too greate for love, or pardon to acquite :
O, had it bin a stranger, that betraide
Reposed secrets, I had onely laid
The blame upon my unadvised tongue ;
Or had a common friend but done this wrong
To bosome trust, my patience might out-worne it ;
I could endur'd, I could have easily borne it ;
But thus to be betraied by a wife,
The partner of my heart ; to whom my life,
My very soule was not esteemed deare,
Is more then flesh, is more then blood can beare :
But yet alas, She was but greene, and young,
And had not gain'd the conquest of her tongue ;

vnseasond

Unseasond vessells, oft, will finde a leake
 At first; but after, hold: She is but weake,
 Nay, cannot yet write woman; which, at best,
 Is a fraile thing: Alas young things will quest
 At everyturne; Indeed, to say the truth,
 Her yeares could make it but a fault of youth:
 Samson, returne; and let that fault be set
 Vpon the score of youth: forgive; forget:
 She is my wife: Her love hath power to hide
 A fouler error; Why should I divide
 My presence from her? There's no greater wrong
 To love, then to be silent over long:
 Alas, poore soule! No doubt, her tender eye
 Hath wept enough; perchance she knows not why
 I'me turn'd so great a stranger to her bed,
 And boord: No doubt, her empty eyes have shed
 A world of teares; perchance, her guiltlesse thought
 Conceives my absence as a greater fault
 Then that, of late, her harmelesse Error did;
 I'l goe and draw a reconciling Kid
 From the faire flocke; My feet shall never rest,
 Till I repose me in my Brides faire brest;
 He went; but ere his speedy lips obtain'd
 The merits of his hast, darknesse had stain'd
 The cristall brow of day; and gloomy night
 Had spoild and rifled heaven of all his light:
 H'approach'd the gates; but, being entred in,
 His carelesse welcome seem'd so cold and thin,
 As if that silence meant, it should appeare,
 He was no other, then a stranger, there;

In every servants looke, hee did espie
An easie Copie of their Masters eye ;
He call'd his wife, but she was gone to rest ;
Vnto her wonted chamber he addrest
His doubtfull steps ; till, by her father, staid,
Who taking him aside a little, said.

Son ;

*It was the late espousals that doe move
My tongue to use that title ; not, thy love :
Tis true ; there was a Mariage lately past
Betweene my Childe, and you ; The knot was fast
And firmly tyed, not subject to the force
Of any powre, but death, or else divorce.
For ought I saw, a mutwall desire
Kindled your likings, and an equall fire
Of strong affection, joyned both your hands
With the perpetuall knot of nuptiall bands ;
Mutuall delight, and equall loyes attended
Your pleased hearts, untill the feast was ended ;
But then, I know no ground, (you know it best)
As if your loves were measur'd by the Feast,
The building fell, before the house did shake,
Loves fire was quencht, ere it began to slake ;
All on a sudden were your joyes disseis'd ;
Forsooke your Bride, and went away displeas'd ;
You left my childe to the opprobrious tongues
Of open censure, whose malitious wrongs,
(Maligning her faire merits) did defame
Her wounded honour, and unblemisht name ;
I thought, thy love, which was so strong, of late,*

Had, on a sudden, turn'd to perfect hate :
 At length, when as your longer absence did
 Confirm me my thoughts; and time had quite forbid
 Our hopes t' expect a reaccesse of love,
 Thinking some new affection did remove
 Your heart, and that some second choice might smother
 The first, I match'd your Bride unto another;
 If we have done amisse, the fault must be
 Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me;
 But if your easie losse may be redeem'd
 With her faire Sister (who, you know's esteem'd
 More beautifull then she, and younger too).
 Shee shall be firmly joyn'd by nuptiall vow,
 And, by a present contract, shall become
 Thy faithfull spouse, in her lost sisters roome :
 With that, poore Samson, like a man entranc'd,
 And newly wakened, thus his voice advanc'd;
 Presumptious Philistine ! That dost proceed
 From the base loines of that accursed seed,
 Branded for slaughter, and mark'd out for death,
 And utter ruine; this my threatening breath
 Shall blast thy nation; This revenging hand
 Shall crush thy carkasse, and thy cursed land;
 I'le give thy flesh to Ravens; and ravinous Swine
 Shall take that rancke and tainted blood of thine
 For wash and swill; to quench their eager thirst,
 Which they shall sucke, and guzzle till they burst;
 I'le burne your standing Corne with flames of fire,
 That none shall quench; I'le drag yee in the mire
 Of your owne bloods, which shall ore-flow the land

And

And make your pasture barren as the sand;
This rullesse arme shall smite and never stay,
Vntill your land be turn'd a Golgotha;
And if my actions prove my words untrue,
Let Samson die, and die accurst, as you.

MEDITAT. 14.

God is the God of peace: And if my brother
Strike me on one cheeke, must I turne the other?
God is the God of mercy; And his childe
Must be as he is, Mercifull and milde;
God is the God of Love: But sinner, know,
His love abus'd, hee's God of vengeance too.
Is God the God of vengeance? And may none
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone?
What meanes this frantick Nazarite to take
Gods office from his hand, and thus to make
His wrongs amends? Who warranted his breath
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death?

Curious Inquisitor; when God shall strike
By thy stout arme, thy arme may doe the like:
His Patent gives him power to create
A Deputie, to whom he doth collate
Assistant power, in sufficient measure,

To exercise the office of his pleasure ;
 A lawfull Prince is Gods Lieutenant, here :
 As great a Majesty as flesh can beare,
 He is endued withall ; In his bright eye
 (Cloath'd in the flames of Majesty) doth lie
 Both life and death ; Into his Royall heart
 Heaven doth inspire, and secretly impart
 The treasure of his Lawes ; Into his hand
 He trusts his Sword of Justice, and Command :
 He is Gods Champion ; where his voice bids, kill,
 He must not feare t'imbrue his hands, and spill
 Abundant blood ; Who gives him power to doe,
 Will find him guiltlesse, and assist him, too :
 O, but let flesh and blood take heed, that none
 Pretend Gods quarrell, to revenge his owne ;
 Malice, and base Revenge must step aside,
 When heavens uprighter Battels must be tride.

Where, carnall Glory, or ambitious thurst
 Of simple conquest, or revenge, does burst
 Ypon a neigboring Kingdome; there to thrust
 Into anothers Crowne, The warre's not just ;
 Tis but a private quarrell ; and bereft
 Of lawfull grounds : Tis but a Princely Theft :
 But where the ground's Religion ; to defend
 Abused faith ; let Princes, there, contend,
 With dauntles courage : May their acts be glorious,
 Let them goe, prosperous ; and returne, victorios :
 What if the grounds be mixt ? Feare not to goe ;
 Were not the Grounds of Samsons Combate so ?
 Goe then, with double courage, and renowne,

When

When God shall mixeth thy Quarrels with his owne :
Tis a brave Conflict ; and a glorious Fray,
Where God and Princes shall divide the Pray.

S E C T. 15.

ARGUMENT.

He barnes their standing corne ; makes void
Their Land : The Philistines enquire
The cause of all their evill ; destroy'd
The Timnite, and his house with fire.

AS ragefull Samsons threatening language ceast,
His Resolution of revenge increast ;
Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his desire
Wanted no fuell to maintaine her fire :
Passion grew hot and furious, whose delay
Of execution, was but taking day
For greater payment : His revengefull heart
Boild in his brest, whilst Fury did impart
Her ready counsels, whose imperious breath,
Could whisper nothing, under blood, and death :
Revenge was studious, quickned his conceit,
And screw'd her Engins to the very height :
At length, when time had rip'ned his desires,
And puffing rage had blowne his secret fires
To open flame, now ready for confusion,

He thus began to attempt his first conclusion;
The patient Angler, first, provides his baite,
Before his hopes can teach him to awaite
Th' enjoyment of his long expected prey;
Revengefull *Samson*, ere hee can appay
His wrongs with timely vengeance, must intend
To gaine the Instruments, to worke his end;
He plants his Engines, hides his snares about,
Pitches his Toiles, findes new devices out,
To tangle wilie *Foxes*; In few dayes,
(That land had store) his studious hand betrayes
A leash of hundreds, which he thus employes,
As Agents in his ragefull enterprize;
With tough, and force-enduring thongs of Lether,
He joynes and couples taile, and taile together,
And every thonge bound in a Brand of Fire,
So made by Art, that motion would inspire
Continuall flames, and, as the motion ceast,
The thrifty blaze would then retire and rest
In the close Brand, untill a second strife
Gave it new motion; and that motion, life:
Soone as these coupled Messengers receiv'd
Their fiery Errand, though they were bereiv'd
Of power to make great hast, they made good speed;
Their thoughts were diffring, though their tailes agreed:
T'one drags and drawes to th' East; the other, West;
One fit, they run; another while they rest;
T'one skulks and snarles, the t' other tugges and hales;
At length, both flee, with fier in their tailes,
And in the top and height of all their speed,

T'one

T'one stops, before the tother be agreed;
The other pulls, and drags his fellow backe,
Whilst both their tailes were tortur'd on the racke;
At last, both weary of their warme Embassage,
Their better ease discribe a fairer passage,
And time hath taught their wiser thoughts to joyne
More close, and travell in a straighter line:
Into the open Champion they divide
Their straggling paces (where the ploughmans pride
Found a faire Object, in his rip'ned Corne ;
Whereof, some part was reapt; some, stood unshorne)
Sometimes, the fiery travellers would seeke
Protection beneath a swelling Reeke;
But soone that harbour grew too hot for staie,
Affording onely light, to run away ;
Sometimes, the full-ear'd standing-wheat must cover
And hide their shames; &, there the flames would hover
About their eares, and send them to enquire
A cooler place; but, there, the flaming fire
Would scorch their hides, and send them sing'd away;
Thus, doubtfull where to goe, or where to stay,
They range about; Flee forward; then retire,
Now here, now there; Where ere they come, they fire;
Nothing was left, that was not lost, and burn'd;
And now, that fruitfull land of Lewry's turn'd
A heape of Ashes; That faire land, while ere
Which fill'd all hearts with joy, and every eare
With newes of plenty, and of blest encrease,
(The joyfull issue of a happy peace)
See, how it lies in her owne ruines, void

Of all her happinesse, disquiz'd, destroy'd :
 With that the *Philistines*, whose sad reliefe
 And comfort's deeply buried in their griefe,
 Began to question (they did all partake
 In th' irrecoverable losse) and spake,

What cursed brand of Hell? What more then Devil?
What envious Miscreant hath done this evill?
 Whereto, one sadly standing by, replide;

It was that cursed Samson (whose faire Bride
Was lately ravish't from his absent brest
By her false father) who before the feast
Of nuptiall was a month expir'd, and done,
By second mariage, ovs'd another sonne;
For which, this Samson heav'd from off the henge
Of his lost reason, studied this revenge;
That Timnits falsehood wrought this desolation;
Samson the Actor was, but he, th' occasion:
 With that, they all consulted, to proceed
 In height of Iustice, to revenge this deed;
Samson, whose hand was the immediate cause
Of this foule act, is stronger then their lawes;
Him, they refer to time; For his proud hand
May bring a second ruine to their land;
The cursed Timnite, he that did divide
The lawful Bridegrocme from his lawfull Bride,
And mov'd the patience of so strong a foe,
To bring these evils, and worke their overthrow,
To him they hast; and, with resolv'd desire
Of blood, they burne his house, & him with fire.

MEDIT.

M E D I T A T . 15.

Dost thou not tremble? Does thy troubled eare
Not tingle? nor thy spirits faint to heare
The voice of those, whose dying shriekes proclaim
Their tortures, that are broyling in the flame?
She, whose illustrious beauty did not know
Where to be matcht, but one poore houre agoe;
She, whose faire eyes were apt to make man erre
From his knowne faith, and turne Idolater;
She, whose faire cheeks, inricht with true complexion,
Seem'd beauties store-house of her best perfection;
See, how she lies, see how this beautie lies,
A foule offence, unto thy loathing eyes;
A fleshly Cinder, lying on the floore.
Starke naked, had it not bin cover'd ore
With bashfull ruines, which were fallen downe
From the consumed roofe, and rudely browne
On this halfe-roasted earth. O, canst thou reade
Her double story, and thy heart not bleed?
What art thou more then she? Tell me wherein
Art thou more priviledg'd? Or can thy sinne
Plead more t'excuse it? Art thou faire and yong?
Why so was she: Were thy temptations strong?

N

Why

Why, so were hers : What canst thou plead, but she
 Had powre to plead the same, as well as thee ?
 Nor was't her death alone, could satisfie
 Revenge ; her father, and his house must dye :
 Unpunisht crimes doe often bring them in,
 That were no lesse then strangers to the sinne :
 Ely must dye ; because his faire reproofe
 Of too foule sinne, was not austere enough :
 Was vengeance now appeas'd ? Hath not the crime
 Paid a sufficient Intrest for the time ?
 Remove thine eye to the Philistian fields ;
 See, what increase their fruitfull harvest yeelds :
 There's nothing there, but a confused heape
 Of ruinous ashes : There's no corne, to reape :
 Behold the poyson of unpunisht sinne ;
 For which the very earth's accurst agin :
 Famine must act her part ; her griping hand,
 For one mans sinne, must punish all the Land :
 Is vengeance now appeas'd ? Hath sinne given ore
 To cry for plagues ? Must vengeance yet have more ?
 O, now th' impartiall sword must come, and spill
 The blood of such, as Famine could not kill :
 The language of unpunisht sinne cryes loud,
 It roares for Iustice, and it must have blood :
 Famine must follow, where the Fire begun ;
 The Sword must end, what both have left undone.

Just God ; our sinnes doe dare thee to thy face ;
 Our score is great ; our Ephah fill's apace ;
 The leaden cover threatens, every minut,
 To close the Ephah, and our sinnes, within it.

Turne backe thine eye : Let not thine eye behold
Such vile pollutions : Let thy vengeance hold :
Looke on thy dying Sonne ; There shalt thou spie
An Object, that's more fitter for thine eye ;
His sufferings (Lord) are farre above our sinnes ;
O, looke thou there ; Ere Justice once begins
T' unsheathe her Sword, O, let one pretious drop
Fall from that pierced side ; and that will stop
The eares of vengeance, from that clamorous voice
Of our loud sinnes, which make so great a noise ;
O, send that drop, before Revenge begins,
And that will cry farre louder then our sinnes.

N^o 3

SECT.

S E C T. 16.

A R G V M E N T.

*He makes a slaughter; Doth remove
To Etans rocke; where, to repay him
The wrongs that he had done, they move
the men of Iudah to betray him.*

THus when th'accurs'd *Philistians* had appaid
The *Timnits* sinne, with ruine; and betraide
Th'unjust Offenders to their fierce desire,
And burn'd their cursed Family with fire;
Samson, the greatnesse of whose debt denide
So short a payment; and whose wrongs yet cride
For further vengeance, to be further laid
Vpon the sinne-conniving Nation, said,
*Unjust Philistians, you that could behold
So capitall a crime, and yet with-hold
This well-deserved punishment so long,
Which made you partners in their sinne, my wrong;
Had yee at first, when as the fault was yong,
Before that Time had lent her clamorous tongue
So great a strength, to call for so much blood;
O, had your earlie Justice but thought good
To strike in time; nay, had you then devis'd
Some easier punishment, it had suffic'd;*

But now it comes too late; The sin has cryed,
Till heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied:
Nay, had the sin but spar'd to roare so loud,
A drop had serv'd, when now a Tide of blood
Will hardly stop her mouth:

Had ye done this betimes ! But now, this hand
Must plague your persons, and afflict your land:

Have ye beheld a youth-instructing Tutor,
(Whose wisedom's seldome seene, but in the future)
When well deserved punishment shall call
For the delinquent Boy; how, first of all,
He preaches fairely; then, proceedes austerer
To the foule crime, whilst the suspitious hearer
Trembles at every word, untill, at length,
His language being ceas'd, th' unwelcome strength
Of his rude arme, that often proves too rash,
Strickes home, and fetches blood at every lash.
Even so stout *Samson*, whose more gentle tongue,
In easie tearmes, doth first declare the wrong,
Injustice did, then tells the evill effects
That mans connivence, and unjust neglects
Does often bring upon th' afflicted land;
But, at the last, upheaves his ruthlesse hand;
He hewes, he hacks, and, fury being guide,
His unresisted power doth divide
From top to toe; his furious weapon cleft,
Where ere it strucke: It slue; and never left,
Vntill his flesh-destroying arme, at length,
Could finde no subject, wheret' imploie his strength:
Here stands a head-strong Steed, whose fainting guider

Drops downe; another dragges his wounded rider :
 Now here, now there his franticke arme would thunder,
 And, at one stroake, cleaves horse and man in sunder,
 In whose mixt blood, his hands would oft embrue,
 And where so ere they did but touch, they flew :
 Here's no imployment for the Surgeons trade,
 All wounds were mortall that his weapon made ;
 There's none was left, but dying, or else dead,
 And onely they, that scap'd his fury, fled ;
 The slaughter ended, the proud victor past
 Through the afflicted land, untill, at last,
 He comes to *Iudah*; where, he pitch'd his Tent,
 At the rocke *Etan*: There, some time he spent ;
 He spent not much, Till the *Philistine* band,
 That found small comfort in their wasted land,
 Came up to *Iudah*, and there, pitch'd not farre
 From *Samsons* Tent; Their hands were arm'd to warre :
 With that, the men of *Iudah*, strucke with feare,
 To see so great an Armie, straight drew neare,
 To the sad Campe; who, after they had made
 Some signes of a continued peace, they said ;

*What new designes have brought your royll band
 Vpon the borders of our peacefull land ?
 What strange adventures ? What disastrous weather
 Drove you this way ? What businesse brought you hether ?
 Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive
 An evill against your Servants : What we have,
 Is yours : The peacefull plenty of our land
 And we, are yours ; and at your owne command :
 Why, to what purpose are you pleas'd to shew us*

Your

Your strength ! Why bring you thus an army to us ?
Are not our yearly Tributes justly paid ?
Have we not kept our vowed ? Have we delaide
Our faithfull service, or denied to doe it,
When you have pleas'd to call your servants to it ?
Have we, at any time, upon your triall,
Shruncke from our plighted faith, or prov'd disloyall ?
If that proud Samson have abus'd your Land,
Tis not our faults ; Alas, we had no hand
In his designes : We lent him no relieve ;
No aid ; No, we were partners in your grieve.
Where to the Philistines, whose hopes relyde
Vpon their faire assistance, thus replyde :

Feare not, yee men of Iudah ; Our intentions
Are not to wrong your peace : Your apprehensions
Are too-tootimerous ; Our designes are bent
Against the common Foe, whose hands have spent
Our lavish blood, and rob'd our wasted Land
Of all her joyes : Tis hee, our armed band
Expectts, and followes : Hee is cloysterd here,
Within your Quarters : Let your faiths appearc
Now in your loyall actions, and convay
The skulking Rebell to us, that we may
Revenge our blood, which he hath wasted thus,
And doe to him, as he hath done to us.

MEDITAT. 16.

IT was a sharpe revenge : But was it just ?
 Shall one man suffer for another ? Must
 The Childrens teeth be set on edge, because
 Their Fathers ate the grapes ? Are Heavens lawes
 So strict ? whose lips did, with a promise, tell,
 That no such law should passe in Israel :
 Because th'injurious Timnites trecherous hand
 Commits the fault, must Samson scourge the land ?
 Sinne is a furious Plague ; and it infects
 The next inhabitant, if he neglects
 The meanes t'avoid it : Tis not because he sinnes
 That thou art punisht : No, it then begins
 T'infect thy soule ; when, thou a stander by,
 Reproves it not : or when thy carelesse eye
 Slights it as nothing : If a sinne of mine
 Grieve not thy wounded soule, it becomes thine.
 Thinke yee that God commits the Sword of power
 Into the hands of Magistrates, to scower
 And keepe it bright ? Or onely to advance
 His yet unknowne Authoritie ? Perchance,
 The glorious Hilt and Scabberd make a shew
 To serve his turne ; have it a blade, or no,

He neither knowes, nor cares : Is this man fit
T'obtaine so great an honor, as to sit
As Gods Lieutenant, and to punish sinne ?
Know leaden Magistrates, and know agin,
Your Sword was givento draw, and to be dyde
In guilty blood ; not to be laid aside,
At the request of friends, or for base feare,
Lest when your honor's ended with the yeare,
Ye may be baffled : tis not enough that you
Finde, bread be waight ; or that the waights be true :
Tis not enough, that every foule disorder
Must be refer'd to your more wise Recorder :
The charge is given to you : You must returne
A faire account ; or else, the Land must mourne :
You keepe your Swords too long a season in,
And God strikes us, because you strike not sinne :
Y'are too remisse, and want a Resolution :
Good Lawes lye dead, for lacke of execution :
An Oath is growne so bold, that it will laugh
The easie Act, to scorne : Nay, we can quaffe
And reele with priviledge ; and wee can trample
Upon our shame shrunke cloakes, by your example :
You are too dull : Too great offences passe
Untoucht ; God loves no service from the Ass ;
Rouze up ; Use the Spurrie, & spare the Bridle ;
God strikes, because your Swords, and You are idle ;
Graunt, Lord, that every one may mend a fault ;
And then our Magistrates may stand for nougnt.

S E C T. 17.

A R G U M E N T.

*The faithlesse men of Iuda went
To make him subject to their bands :
They bound him by his owne consent,
And brought him pris'ner to their hands.*

SO said: The men of *Indah* (whole base feare
Taught them to open an obedient eare
To their revengefull and unjust request)
Accept the trecherous motion, and addrest
Their slavish thoughts, to put in execution
The subject of their servile resolution:
With that, three thousand of their ablest men
Are soone employ'd; To the fierce Lyons den
They come, (yet daring not approach too neare)
And sent this louder language to his eare;

*Victorious Samson, whose renowned facts
Have made the world a Register of thy Acts,
Great Army of men, the wonder of whose power
Gives thee the title of a walking Tower,
Why hast thou thus betraid us to the hand
Of the curs'd Philistines? Thou know'st our Land
Does owe it selfe to thee; There's none can claime
So great an intrest in our hearts: Thy name,*

Thy

Thy highly honour'd name, for ever, beares
A welcome Accent in our joyfull eares ;
But now the times are dangerous, and a band
Of proud Philistians quarter in our land ;
And, for thy sake, the tyranny of their tongues
Hath newly threatned to revenge thy wrongs
Upon our peacefull lives : Their lips have vow'd
And sworne to salve their injuries with our blood ;
Their jealous fury hollowes in our eares,
They'l plague our land, as thou hast plagued theirs,
If we refuse to doe their fierce command,
And bring not Samson prisoner to their hand ;
Alas, thou knowst our servile neckes must bow
To their imperious Yoke ; Alas, our vow
Of loyalty is past : If they bid, doe ;
We must ; or loose our lands, and our lifes too ;
Were but our lifes in hazard, or if none
Should feele the smart of death, bat wee alone,
Wee'd turne thy Martyrs, rather then obey'm,
Wee'd dye with Samson sooner then betray'm ;
But we have wifes, and children, that would be
The subjects of their rage, as well as wee :
Wherfore, submit thy person, and fulfill
What we desire so much against our will :
Alas, our griefes in equall poise are lye ;
Yeeld, and thou dye'st : Yeeld not, and wee must dye :
Whereto, sad Samson, whose faire thoughts did guide
His lips to fairer language, thus replide ;
 Tee men of Iudah, what distrustfull thought
 Of single Samsons violence hath brought

So great a strength, as if you meant t' o'rethrew
 Some mighty Monarch, or surprise a Foe !
 Your easie errand might as well bin done
 By two or three, or by the lips of one ;
 The meanest childe of holy Israels seede
 M ght conquer'd Samlon, with a bruised reed :
 Alas, the boldnesse of your welcome words
 Need no protection of these staves and Swords :
 Brethren, the intention of my comming hither
 Was not to wrong you, or deprive you, either
 Of lives, or goods, or of your poorest due ;
 My selfe is cheaper to my selfe, then you ;
 My comming is on a more faire designe,
 I come to crush your tyranous foes, and mine,
 I come to free your country, and recall
 Your servile shoulders from the slavish thrall
 Of the proud Philistines ; and, with this hand,
 To make you freemen in your promis'd Land ;
 But you are come to binde me, and betray
 Your faithfull Champion to those hands, that lay
 Perpetuall burthens on, which daily vex
 Your galled shoulders, and your servile necks :
 The wrongs these cursed Philistines have done
 My simple innocence, have quite outrun
 My easie patience : If my arme may right
 My too much injur'd suffrance, and requite
 What they have done to me, it would appease
 My raging thoughts, and give my tortures ease ;
 But ye are come to binde me : I submit ;
 I yeeld ; And if my bondage will acquit

Tour

Year new borne feares, Tis well : But they that doe
Attempt to ruine me, will ransack you :
First, you shall firmly engage your plighted troth,
By the acceptance of a sacred oath,
That, when I shall be prisoner to your bands,
I may not suffer violence by your hands :
With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and said,
Then let the God of Iacob cease to blesse
The tribe of Iudah, with a faire successe,
In ought they put their cursed hand unto,
And razet their seed, If we attempt to doe
Bound Samson violence; And if this curse
Be not sufficient, heaven contrive a worse :
With that, the willing prisoner join'd his hands,
To be subjected to their stronger bands :
With treble twisted cords, that never tried
The twitch of strength, their busie fingers tied
His sinewy wrists, which being often wound
About his beating pulse, they brought him bound
To the forefront of the Phelitean band,
And left him captive in their cursed hand.

MEDITAT. 17.

O What a Pearle is hidden in this Field,
 Whose orient luster, and perfections yeeld
 So great a treasure, that the Easterne Kings,
 With all the wealth, their colder Climate brings,
 Nere saw the like : It is a pearle whose glory
 Is the diviner subject of a Story,
 Penn'd by an Angells quill; not understood
 By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood !
 Vnkinde Iudeans, what have you presented
 Before our eyes ? O, what have you attented !
 He that was borne on purpose, to release
 His life, for yours; to bring your Nation peace ;
 To turne your mournings into joyfull Songs ;
 To fight your Battells; To revenge your wrongs ;
 Even him, alas, your cursed hands have made
 This day your prisoner, Him have you betray'd
 To death : O, hee whose sinowy arme had power
 To crush you all to nothing, and to shower
 Down strokes, like thunderbolts, whose blasting breath,
 Might, in a moment, pufft you all to death,
 And made ye fall before his frowning brow,
 See, how he goes away, betray'd by you !

Thou great Redeemer of the world ! Whose blood
 Hath power to save more worlds, then Noah's flood

Destroyed

Destroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art
The Samson of our soules, How can the heart
Of man give thanks enough, that does not know
How much his death-redeemed soule does owe
To thy deare merits ? We can apprehend
No more then flesh and blood does recommend
To our confined thoughts : Alas, we can
Conceive thy love, but as the love of man :
We cannot tell the horror of that paine
Thou bought us from; not can our hearts attaine
Those joyes that thou hast purchas'd in our name,
Nor yet the price, thou paidst : Our thoughts are lame,
And craz'd; Alas, things mortall have no might,
No meanes to comprehend an Infinite :
We can behold thee cradled in a Manger,
In a poore Stable : We can see the danger
The Tetrarch's fury made thee subject to;
We can conceive thy poverty; We know
Thy blessed bands (that might bin freed) were bound;
We know, alas, thy bleeding browes were crown'd
With prickling thorne; Thy body torne with whips;
Thy palmes impeirc'd with ragged nailes; Thy lips
Saluted with a Traitors kisse; Thy browes
Sweating forth blood: Thy oft repeated blowes;
Thy fastning to the crosse; Thy shamefull death;
These outward tortures all come underneath
Our dull conceits : But, what thy blessed soule
(That bore the burthen of our guilt, and Scroule
Of all our sinnes, and horrid paines of Hell)
O, what that soule endur'd, what soule can tell!

S E C T. 18.

A R G V M E N T.

*He breakes their bands; And with a Bone,
A thousand Philistians he slue :
He thirsted, fainted, made his mone
To heaven : He drinkeſ, His ſpirits renew.*

THus when the glad *Philistians* had obtain'd
The ſumme of all their hopes, they entertain'd
The welconie pris'ner with a greater noife
Of triumph then the greatneſſe of their joyes
Required : Some, with ſudden death, would greet
The new come Guest; whilſt others, more discreet,
With lingring paines, and tortures more exact,
Would force him to diſcover, in the Fact,
Who his Abettors were : others gainsaid
That course, for feare a rescue may be made :
Some cry, *Tis fitteſt, that th' offender bleed*
There, where his cursed hands had done the deed :
Others cryed, *No, where Fortune hath conſign'd him,*
We'lk: him : Best; to kill him, where we finde him :
Thus variouſly they ſpent their doubtfull breath,
At laſt, they all agreed on ſudden death ;
There's no contention now, but onely who
Shall ſtrike the firſt, or give the ſpeeding blow :

Have

Have yee beheld a single thred of flax,
Touch'd by the fier, how the fier crackes
With ease, and parts the slender twine in sunder,
Even so, as the first arme began to thunder
Vpon the Prisners life, he burst the bands
From his strong wrists, and freed his loosned hands ;
Hee stoop'd ; from off the blood-expecting grasse,
He snacht the crooked jaw-bone of an Asse ;
Wherewith, his fury dealt such downe-right blowes,
So oft redoubled, that it overthrowes
Man after man ; And being ring'd about
With the distracted, and amazed rout
Of rude *Philistians*, turn'd his body round,
And in a circle dings them to the ground :
Each blow had prooфе ; for, where the jaw-bone mist,
The furious Champion wounded with his fist :
Betwixt them both, his fury did uncase
A thousand soules, which, in that fatall place,
Had left their ruin'd carcises, to feast
The flesh-devouring fowle, and rav'nois beast :
With that, the Conquerour, that now had fed
And surfeited his eye upon the dead
His hand had slaine, sate downe ; and, having flung
His purple weapon by, triumpht, and sung ;

Samson rejoice : Be fill'd with mirth ;
Let all Iudea know,
And tell the Princes of the earth
How strong an arme hast thou :
How hast by dead inricht the land,
And purpled ore the grasse,

That hadst no weapon in thy hand,
 But the Jaw-bone of an Asse !
 How does thy strength, and high renowne
 The glory of men surpassee !
 Thine arme has strucke a thousand downe,
 with the jaw-bone of an Asse :
 Let Samsons glorious name endure,
 Till time shall render One,
 Whose greater glory shall obscure
 The Glory thou haft wonne.

His Song being ended, rising from the place
 Whereon he lay, he turn'd his ruthlesse face
 Vpon those heapes his direfull hand had made,
 And op'ning of his thirsty lips, he said :

Great God of Conquest, thou by whose command
 This heart received courage, and this hand
 Strength, to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfill
 The secret motion of thy sacred will ;
 What, shall thy Champion perish now with thirst ?
 Thou knowst, I have done nothing, but what first
 Was warranted by thy command : Twas thou
 That gave my spirit boldnesse, and my brow
 A resolution : This mine arme did doe
 No more, then what thou didst enjoyne it to :
 And shall I dye for thirst ? O thou that sav'd
 Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd
 Vpon my life : by whom I have subdu'd
 Thy cursed enemies, and have imbru'd
 My heaven-commanded hands, in a spring-tyde
 Of guilty blood ; Lord, shall I be denyde

A draught of cooling water, to allay
The tyranny of my thirst ? I, that this day
Have labour'd in thy Vineyard ; rooted out
So many weeds, whose lofty crests did sprout
Above thy trodden Vines ; what, shall I dye
For want of water, thou the Fountaine by ?
I know that thou wert here, for hadst thou not
Supplyde my hand with strength, I ne'er had got
So strange a vict'ry : Hath thy servant taken
Thy worke in hand, and is he now forsaken ?
Hast thou not promis'd that my strengthned hand
Shall scourge thy Foemen, and secure thy Land
From slavish bondage ? will that arme of thine
Make me their slave, whom thou hast promis't, mine ?
Bow downe thy eare, and heare my needfull cry ;
O, quench my thirst, great God, or else I dye :
With that, the jaw, wherewith his arme had laid
So many sleeping in the dust, obeyde
The voice of God, and cast a tooth, from whence
A sudden spring arose, whose confluence
Of christall waters, plentiously disburst
Their pretious streames ; and so allaid his thurst.

MEDITAT. 18.

THe jaw-bone of an Asse ? How poore a thing
 God makes his powerfull instrument to bring
 Some honour to his name, and to advance
 His greater glory ! Came this bone, by chance,
 To Samsons hand ? Or could the Army goe
 No further ? but must needs expect a foe
 Just where his wapon of destruction lay ?
 Was there no fitter place, for them to stay,
 But even just there ? How small a thing thad bin
 (If they had beene so provident) to winne
 The day with ease ? Had they but taken thence
 That cursed Bone, what colour of defence
 Had Samson found ? Or how could he withstand
 The necessary danger of his blood ?

Where Heav'n doth please to ruine, humane wit
 Must faile, and deeper policie must submit :
 There, wisedome must be fool'd, and strength of braine
 Must worke against it selfe, or worke in vaine :
 The tracke, that seemes most likely, often leads
 To death ; and where securitie most pleads,
 There, dangers, in their fairest shapes, appeare,
 And give us not so great a help, as feare :

The

The things wee least suspect, are often they,
That most effect our ruine, and betray :
Who would have thought, the silly Asses bone,
Not worth the spurning, should have overbrowne
So stout a Band? Heav'n, oftentimes, thinkes best,
To overcome the greatest with the least :
He gaines most glory in things, that are most sleight,
And wins, in honour, what they want in might :
Who would have thought, that Samsons deadly thirst
Should have bin quencht with waters, that did burst
And flow from that dry bone? Who would not thinke,
The thirsty Conquerour, for want of drinke,
Should first have dyed? What mad man could presume
So dry a tooth should yeeld so great a Rheume?
God does not worke like Man; nor is he tyed
To outward meanes : His pleasure is his Guide,
Not Reason : He, that is the God of Nature,
Can worke against it : He that is Creator
Of all things, can dispose them, to attend
His will, forgetting their created end :
Hee, whose Almighty power did supply
This Bone with water, made the Red sea; dry :
Great God of Nature; Tis as great an ease
For thee to alter Nature, if thou please,
As to create it; Let that hand of thine
Shew forth thy powre, and please to alter mine :
My sinnes are open, but my sorrow's hid;
I cannot drench my couch, as David did;
My braines are marble, and my heart is stome:
O strike mine eyes, as thou didst strike that bone.

S E C T. 19.

A R G V M E N T.

*Hee lodges with a harlot : wait
Is laid, and guards are pitcht about :
Hee beares away the City-gate
Upon his shoulders, and goes out.*

THUS when victorious *Samson* had unliv'd
This hoast of armed men ; and had reviv'd
His fainting spirits, and refresht his tongue
With those sweet christall streames, that lately sprung
From his neglected weapon, he arose
(Secured from the tyrannie of his Foes
By his Heaven-borrow'd strength) and boldly came
To a *Philistine* City, knowne by th' name
Of *Azza* ; where, as he was passing by,
The carelesse Champion cast his wandring eye
Vpon a face, whose beauty did invite
His wanton heart to wonder and delight :
Her curious haire was crisp'd : Her naked brest
Was white as Ivory, and fairely drest
With costly Lewells : In her glorious face,
Nature was hidden, and dissembled grace
Damaskt her rosie cheeke : Her eyes did sparke,
At every glance, like Diamonds in the darke ;

Bold

The History of Samson.

III

Bold was her brow ; whose frowne was but a foile
To glorifie her better-pleasing smile ;
Her pace was carelesse, seeming to discover
The passions of a discontented Lover :
Sometime, her op'ned Casement gives her eye
A twinkling passage to the passer by ;
And, when her fickle fancy had given ore
That place, she comes, and wantons at the doore ;
There *Samson* view'd her, and his steps could finde
No further ground ; but (guided by his minde)
Cast Anchor there : Have thy observing eyes
Ere mark'd the Spiders garbe, How close she lies
Within her curious webbe ; And by and by,
How quicke she hafts to her entangled Flie ;
And, whispring poyson in his murmring eares,
At last, she tugges her silent guest, and beares
His hampered body to the inner roome
Of her obscure and solitary Home ;
Even so this snaring beauty entertaines
Our eye-led *Samson*, tamperd with the chaines
Of her imperious eyes ; and he, that no man
Could conquer ; now lyes conquer'd by a woman.
Fayre was his welcome, and as fairely' exprest
By her delicious language, which profest
No lesse affection, then so sweet a Friend,
Could, with her best expressions, recommend :
Into her glorious chamber she directs
Her welcome guest, and with her fayre respects
She entertaines him ; with a bountious kisse,
She gives him earnest of a greater blisse ;

And

And with a brazen countenance, she brake
The way to her unchaste desires, and spake;

*Mirrour of mankinde, thou selected flowre
Of Loves faire knot, welcome to Flora's bowre ;
Cheare up, my Love; and looke upon these eyes,
Wherin my beauty, and thy picture lyes ;
Come, take me prisner, in thy folded armes ;
And boldly strike up sprightly loves alarmes
Upon these ruby lips, and let us trie
The sweets of love : Here's none but thee and I :
My beds are softest downe, and purest lawne
My sheets ; My vallents, and my curtaines drawne
In gold and silkes of curious dye : Behold,
My Coverings are of Tap'stry, inricht with gold ;
Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleasure ;
My husbands absence lends me dainty leasure
To give thee welcome : Come, let's spend the night
In sweet enjoyment of unknowne delight.*

Her words prevail'd : And, being both undrest,
Together went to their defiled rest :

By this, the newes of Samsons being there
Posset the Citie, and fill'd every eare :
His death is plotted ; And advantage lends
New hopes of speed : An armed guard attends
At every gate, that when the breaking day
Shall send him forth, th' expecting Forces may
Betray him to his sudden death ; and so,
Revenge their Kingdomes ruine at a blow :
But lustfull Samson (whose distrustfull eares
Kept open house) was now posset with feares :

Hee heares a whisp'ring ; and the trampling feet
Of people passing in the silent street ;
He, whom undaunted courage lately made
A glorious Conquerour, is now afraid ;
His conscious heart is smitten with his sinne ;
He cannot chuse but feare, and feare agin :
He feares, and now the terrible alarmes
Of sinne doe call him from th'unlawfull armes
And lips of his luxurious Concubine ;
Bids him, arise from dalliance, and resigne
The usurpation of his luke-warme place
To some new sinner, whose lesse dangerous case
May lend more leisure to so foule a deed :
Samson, with greater and unwonted speed
Leaps from his wanton bed ; his feares doe presse
More haste, to cloath ; then lust did, to undresse :
He makes no tarryance ; but, with winged hast,
Bestrides the streets ; and, to the gates, he past,
And through the armed troupes, he makes his way ;
Beares gates, and bars, and pillers all away ;
So scap'd the rage of the *Philistian* Band,
That still must owe his ruine, to their land.

M E D I T,

M E D I T A T. 19.

How weake, at strongest, is poore flesh and blood!
Samson, the greatnes of whose power withstood
A little world of armed men, with death,
Must now be foyled with a womans breath:
The mother, sometimes, lets her infant fall,
To make it hold the surer by the wall:
God lets his servant, often, goe amisse,
That he may turne, and see how weake he is:
David that found an overflowing measure
Of heavens high favours, and as great a treasure
Of saving grace, and portion of the Spirit,
As flesh and blood was able to inherit,
Must have a fall, to exercise his feares,
And make him drowne his restlesse Couch with Teares:
Wise Salomon, within whose heart was planted
The fruitfull stockes of heavenly Wisedome, wanted
Not that, whereby his weakenesse understood
The perfect vanity of flesh and blood:
Whose hand seem'd prodigall of his Isaacks life,
He durst not trust Gods providence with his wife:
The righteous Lot had slidings: Holy Paul
He had his pricke; and Peter had his fall:

The

The sacred Bride, in whose faire face remaines
The greatest earthly beauty, hath her staines :
If man were perfect, and entirely good,
He were not Man : He were not flesh and blood :
Or should he never fall, he would, at length,
Not see his weaknesse, and presume in strength :
Ere children know the sharpnesse of the Edge,
They thinke, their fingers have a priviledge
Against a wound; but, having felt the knife,
A bleeding finger, sometime, saves a life:

Lord, we are children; and our sharpe-edg'd knives,
Together with our blood, lets out our lives ;
Alas, if we but draw them from the sheath,
They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.

Thou great Chirurgion of a bleeding soule,
Whose soveraigne baulme, is able to make whole
The deepest wound, Thy sacred salve is sure;
We cannot bleed so fast, as thou canst cure :
Heale thou our wounds; that, having salv'd the sore,
Our hearts may feare, and learne to sinne no more ;
And let our hands be strangers to those knives,
That wound not fingers onely; but our lives.

S E C T. 20.

A R G U M E N T.

*He falls in league with Delila:
The Nobles bribe her to discover
Her Samsons strength, and learne the way
To binde her arme-prevailing Lover.*

Not farre from *Azza*; in a fruitfull Valley
Close by a Brooke, whose silver streames did dalley
With the smooth bosome of the wanton sands,
Whose winding Current parts the neigbring lands,
And often washes the beloved sides
Of her delightfull bankes, with gentle tydes;
There dwelt a *Beauty*, in whose Sun-bright eye,
Love sate inthron'd; and, full of Majestie,
Sent forth such glorious eye-surprizing rayes,
That she was thought the wonder of her dayes:
Her name was called *Delila*, the faire;
Thither, did amorous *Samson*, oft, repaire,
And, with the piercing flame of her bright eye,
He toy'd so long; that, like a wanton flye,
He burnt his lustfull wings, and so became
The slavish prisner to that conquering flame:
She askt, and had: There's nothing was too high
For her, to beg; or *Samson*, to denie:

Who

Who now, but *Delila*? What name can raise
And crowne his drooping thoughts, but *Delila's*?
All time's misspent, each houre is cast away,
That's not employ'd upon his *Delila*:
Gifts must be given to *Delila*: No cost,
If sweetest *Delila* but smile, is lost:
No joy can please; no happynesse can crowne
His best desires, if *Delila* but frowne:
No good can blesse his amorous heart, but this,
Hee's *Delila's*; and *Delila* is his:
Now, when the louder breath of Fame had blowne
Her newes-proclaiming Trumpet, and made knowne
This Lovers passion, to the joyfull cares
Of the cow'd *Philistines*; their nimble feares
Advis'd their better hopes, not to negle^t
So faire advantage, which may bring t'effect
Their best desires, and right their wasted Land
Of all her wrongs, by a securer hand:
With that, some few of the *Philistine* Lords
Repaire to *Delila*; with baited words
They tempt the frailty of the simple maid,
And, having sworne her to their counsell, said:

*Faire Delila; Thou canst not choose but know
The miseries of our land: whose ruines show
The danger, whereinto not we, but all,
If thou deny thy helpfull hand, must fall:
Those fruitfull fields, that offer'd, but of late,
Their plentious favours to our prosperous state;
See, how they lye a ruinous heape, and void
Of all their plenty; wasted, and destroyde:*

Our common foe hath sported with our lives ;
 Hath slaine our children, and destroy'd our wives :
 Alas, our poore distressed land doth grone
 Under that mischiefe that his hands have done ;
 Widowes implore thee, and poore Orphans tonges
 Call to faire Delila, to right their wrongs :
 It lies in thee, to help; Thy helpefull hand
 May have the Glory to revenge thy land ;
 For which, our thankefull Nation shall allow
 Not onely Honour, but reward; and thou,
 From every hand that's present here, shalt gaine
 Aboue a thousand Sicles for thy paine :
 To whom, faire Delila, whom reward had tied
 To satisfie her owne desires, replied ;
 My Lords ;
 My humble service I acknowledge due,
 First, to my native country; next, to you :
 If Heaven, and Fortune, have enricht my hand
 With so much power, to releeve our land,
 When ere your Honours please to call me to it,
 Beleeve it, Delila shall die, or doe it :
 Say then (my Lords) wherein my power may doe
 This willing Service to my land, or you.
 Thou know'st, (say they) No forces can withstand
 The mighty strength of cursed Samsons hand ;
 Heruines Armies, and does overthrow
 Our greatest Bands, nay, kingdomes at a blow ;
 The limits of his, more then manly, powers
 Are not confin'd; nor is his Arme like ours :
 His strength is more then man; his conquering Arme

Hath

Hath, sure, th' assistance of some potent charme ;
Which, nothing but the glory of thine eyes,
(Wherein a farre more strong enchantment lies;)
Can overthrow : He's prisoner to thine eye,
Nor canst thou aske, what Samson can deny :
The sweetnesse of thy language hath the Art,
To dive into the secrets of his heart ;
Move Samson then : unbarre his bolted brest,
And let his deafned eares attaine no rest,
Vntill his eye-inchanted tongue replies,
And tells thee, where his hidden power lies :
Urge him to whisper in thy private eare,
And to repose his magickē myst'ry, there ;
How, by what meanes, his strength may be betray'd
To bonds, and how his power may be allaid ;
That we may right these wrongs, which his proud hand
Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous land :
In this, thou shalt obtaine the reputation
To be the sole redeemer of thy Nation,
Whose wealth shall crowne thy loyalty, with a meed
Due to the merits of so faire a deed :
Whereto, faire Delila (whose heart was tied
To Samsons love, for her owne ends;) replied :

My honourable Lords : If my successse
In these your just imployments prove no lesse
Then my defiers, I should thinke my paines
Rewarded in the Action : If the raines
Of Samsons headstrong power were in my hands,
These lips should vow performance : Your commands
Should worke obedience, in the loyall brest,

of

Of your true servant; who, would never rest,
 Till she had done the deed: But know, my Lords,
 If the poore frailty of a womans words
 May shake so great a power, and prevaile,
 My best advis'd endeavours shall not faile
 To be imploied: I le make a sudden triall;
 And quickly speed, or finde a foule desiall:

MEDITAT. 20.

INsatiate Samson! Could not Azza smother
 Thy flaming last; but must thou finde another?
 Is th' old growne stale? And seeks thou for a new?
 Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few:
 Mans soule is infinite, and never tires
 In the extension of her owne desires:
 The sprightly nature of his active minde
 Aimes still at further; Will not be confinde
 To th' poore dimensions of flesh and blood;
 Something it still desiers; Covets good;
 Would faine be happy, in the sweet enjoyment
 Of what it prosecutes, with the imployment
 Of best endeavours; but it cannot finde
 So great a good, but something's still behind:
 It, first, propounds; applauds; desiers; endeavours;

At last, enjoyes; but (like to men, in Feavours,
Who fancy alwaies those things that are worſt)
The more it drinks, the more it is a thirſt :
The fruitfull earth (whose nature is the worse
For ſinne; with man partaker in the curse)
Aimes at perfeſtion; and would faine bring forth
(As firſt it did) things of the greatest worth;
Her colder wombe endeaſours (as of old)
To ripen all her Metalls, unto Gold;
O, but that ſir. procured curse hath child
The heate of pregnant Nature, and hath fill'd
Her barren ſeed, with coldneſſe, which does lurke
In her faint wombe, that her more perfect worke
Is hindred; and, for want of heate, brings forth
Imperfect metals, of a baser worth :
Even ſo, the ſoule of Man, in her firſt ſtate,
Receiv'd a power, and a will to that
Which was moſt pure, and good; but, ſince the loſſe
Of that faire freedome, onely trades in droſſe;
Aimes ſhe at Wealth? Alas, her proud deſire
Strives for the beſt; but failing to mount higher
Then earth, her error grapples, and takes hold
On that, which earth can onely give her, Gold :
Aimes ſhe at Glory? Her ambition flies
As high a pitch, as her dull wings can riſe;
But, failing in her ſtrength, ſhe leaves to ſtrive,
And takes ſuch honour, as base earth can give :
Aimes ſhe at Pleaſure? Her deſires extend
To laſting joyes, whose pleaſures have no end;
But, wanting wings, ſhe grovells on the Dufi,

And, there, she lights upon a carnall Lust :
Yet nerethelesse, th' aspiring Soule desires
A perfect good; but, wanting those sweet fires,
Whose heate should perfect her unripened will,
Cleaves to th' apparent Good, which Good is ill ;
Whose sweet enjoyment, being farre unable
To give a satisfaction answerable
To her unbounded wishes, leaves a thirst
Of reenjoyment, greater then the first.

Lord; When our fruitlesse fallowes are growne cold,
And out of heart, we can inrich the mould
With a new heate; we can restore againe
Her weakned soile; and make it apt, for graine;
And wilt thou suffer our faint soules, to lie
Thus unmanur'd, that is thy Husbandrie ?
They beare no other bulke, but idle weedes,
Alas, they have no heart, no heate; Thy seedes
Are cast away, untill thou please t' inspire
New strength, and quench them with thy sacred fire :
Stirre thou my Fallowes; and enrich my mold;
And they shall bring thee' increase, a hundredfold.

SECT.

S E C T. 21.

A R G U M E N T.

*False Delila accoſts her Lover :
Her lips endeavour to entice
His gentle nature to discover
His strength : Samſon deceives her thrice.*

SOone as occasion lent our Champions eare
To *Delila*, which could not choose but heare,
If *Delila* but whisper'd; ſhe, whose wiles
Were neatly baited, with her ſimple ſmiles,
Accoſted *Samſon*; Her alluring hand
Sometimes would ſtroke his Temples; ſometime, ſpan'd
His brawny arme; Sometimes, would gently gripe
His ſinewy wreſt; Another while, would wipe
His ſweating browes; Her wanton fingers plai'd,
Sometimes, with his faire locks; ſomtimes, would brai'd
His long diſhevell'd haire; Her eyes, one while,
Would ſteale a glance upon his eyes, and ſmile;
And, then, her crafty lips would ſpeake; then, ſmother
Her broken ſpeech; and, then, begin another:
At laſt, as if a ſudden thought had brake
From the faire paſton of her lips, ſhe ſpake;
How poore a Grifle is this arme of mine !
Me thinkes, 'tis nothing, in reſpect of thine ;

I'd rather feele the power of thy Love,
 Then of thy hand; In that, my heart would prove
 The stouter Champion, and would make thee yeeld,
 And leave thee Captive, in the conquer'd field:
 The strength of my affection passes thine,
 As much, as thy victorious arme does mine;
 The greatest conquest, then, is due to me;
 Thou conquer'st others, but I conquer thee:
 But say, my Love, is it some hidden charme,
 Or does thy stocke of youth enrich thy arme
 With so great power, that can overthrow,
 And conquer mighty Kingdome, at a blow?
 What cause have I to joy! I need not feare
 The grcatest danger, now my Samson's here:
 I feare no Rebbels now; me thinks, thy power
 Makes me a Princesse; and my house, a Tower:
 But say, my Love, If Delila should finde thee,
 Lost in a sleepe, could not her fingers binde thee?
 Me thinkes they should: But I would scorne to make
 So poore a Conquest: When th' art broad awake,
 Teach me the tricke: Or if thou wilt denie me;
 Know, that my omne invention shall supplie me,
 Without thy helpe: I'le use a ~~womans~~ charmes,
 And binde thee fast, within these circled Armes:
 To whom, the Champion, smiling, thus replied;
 Take thee greene Oysers, that were never dried,
 And bind thy Samsons wrists together; then,
 He shall be fast, and weake as other men:
 With that, the Philistines, that lay in waite
 Within an eares command, commanded straite,

That

That Osyers should be brought : wherewith, she tyed
Victorius *Samsons* joyned hands, and cryed ;
Samson make hast ; and let thy strength appeare :
Samson take heed ; the Philistines are here :
He startes ; and as the flaming fier cracks
The slender substance of th' untwisted flax,
He twicht in sunder his divided bands, -
And, in a moment, freed his fastned hands ;
With that, offended *Delila* bewrai'd
A frowne, halfe sweetned with a smile, and said ;

Think'st thou, thy Delila does goe about
T' entrappe thy life ? Or, can my Samson doubt
To lodge a secret in the loyall brest
Offaithfull Delila, that findes no rest,
No happinesse, but in thy heart, alone,
Whose Ioy I prize farre dearer then my owne ?
Why then shouldst thou deceive me, and impart
So foule a falsehood, to so true a heart ?
Come ; graunt my suite, and let that faithlesse tongue
Make love amends, which hath done love this wrong :
To whom dissembling *Samson* thus replied ;
Take twisted ropes, whose strength was never tryed,
And tye these closed hands together ; then,
I shall be fast, and weake as other men :
With that, she bound him close ; and having made
The knot more suer, then her love's, she said ;
Samson arise ; and take thy strength upon thee ;
Samson make hast ; The Philistines are on thee :
He straight arose ; and, as a striving hand
Would breake a Sisters thred, she crackt the band

That bound his armes, he crackt the bands infunder;
 But frowning *Delila*, whose heart did wonder
 No lesse then vexe, being fill'd with discontent,
 She said; *False lover, If thy heart had ment,*
What thy faire tongue had formerly profest,
Thou nere hadst kept thy secrets from my brest:
Wherein hath Delila bin found unjust,
Not to deserve the honour of thy trust?
Wherein, have I bin faithlesse, or disloyall?
Or what request of thine, ere found denyall?
Had I but bin so wise, as to denie,
Samson might beg'd, and mist, as well as I:
But 'tis my fortune, still, to be most free
To those, as are the most reserv'd to me:
Be not ingratefull, Samson: If my brest
Were but as false, as thine is hard, I'd rest
To tempt thy silence, or to move my suite:
Speak then, but speake the truth; or else be mute.
To whom, fond Samson; If thy hands would tye
These locks to yonder Beame, they will discrie
My native weaknesse: and thy Samson, then,
Would be as poore in strength, as other men:
 So said, her busie fingers soone obey'd;
 His locks being platted to the beame, she said:
Samson bestirre thee; and let thy power appeare:
Samson take heed; the Philistines are here:
 With that, he quits the place (where on he laic,
 Fallne fast a sleepe) and bore the Beame away.

M E D I T A T . 21.

See, how the crafty Serpent twists, and windes
Into the brest of man ! What paths he findes,
And crooked by-wayes ! With how sweet a baite
He hides the hooke of his inveterate hate !
What suger'd words, and eare-delighting Art
He uses, to supplant the yeelding heart
Of poore deceived man, who stands and trusts
Vpon the broken staffe of his false lusts !
He tempts; allures; suggests; and, in conclusion,
Makes man the Pander to his owne confusion:
The fruit was faire and pleasing to the eyes,
Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wise;
Must they not tast so faire a fruit, not touch ?
Yes; doe : Twill make you Gods, and know as much
As he that made it : Thinke you, you can fall
Into deaths hands ? Ye shall not die at all :
Thus fell poore man : His knowledge proved such,
Better 'thad bin, he had not knowne so much :
Thus this old Serpent takes advantage still
On our desiers, and distemperd will : (rich ?
Art thou growne Covetous ? wouldst thou faine be
He comes and strikes thy heart with the dry itch

of

Of having: Wealth will rouse thy heartlesse friends;
 Make thee a potent Master of thy Ends;
 'T will bring thee honour; make thy suites at Law
 Prosper at will; and keepe thy Foes in awe:
 Art thou Ambitious? He will kindle fire,
 In thy proud thoughts, and maketh thy thoughts aspire;
 Hee'l come, and teach thy honour how to scorne
 Thy old acquaintance, whom thou hast outworne:
 Hee'l teach thee how to Lord it, and advance
 Thy servants fortunes, with thy Countenance:
 Wouldst thou enjoy the pleasures of the flesh?
 Hee'l bring thee wanton Ladyes, to refresh
 Thy drooping soule: Hee'l teach thine eyes to wander;
 Instruct thee how to wooe; Hee'l be thy Pander:
 Hee'l fill thy amorous soule with the sweet passion
 Of powerfull Love: Hee'l give thee dispensation,
 To sinne at pleasure; He will make thee Slave
 To thy owne thoughts: Hee'l make thee beg and crave
 To be a drudge: Hee'l make thy trecherous breath
 Destroy thee, and betray thee to thy death.

Lord; if our Father Adam could not stay
 In his upright perfection, one poore day;
 How can it bee expected, we have power
 To hold out Seige, one scruple of an hower:
 Our Armes are bound with too unequall bands;
 We cannot strive; We cannot loose our hands:

Great Nazarite, awake; and looke upon us:
 Make hast to helpe; The Philistines are on us.

S E C T. 22.

A R G V M E N T.

*She sues againe : Samson replies
The very truth : Her lips betray him :
They binde him ; They put out his eyes,
And to the prison they convey him.*

VVith that; the wanton, whose distrustfull eyes,
Was fixt upon reward, made this replie;
*Had the deniall of my poore request
Proceeded from th' inexorable brest
Of one, whose open hatred sought t' endanger
My haunted life; Or had it bin a stranger,
That wanted so much nature, to deny
The doing of a common curtesie ;
Nay, had it bin a friend, that had deceiv'd me,
An ordinary friend, It nere had griev'd me :
But thou, even thou my bosome friend, that art
The onely joy of my deceived heart ;
Nay thou, whose hony-dropping lips sooften
Did plead thy undissembled love, and soften
My deare affection, which could never yeeld
To easier termes; by thee, to be beguilde ?*

How often hast thou mockt my slender suite
 With forged falsehoods ? Hadst thou but bin mute,
 I nere had hop'd : But being fairely led
 Towards my prompt desires, which were fed
 With my false hopes, and thy false-hearted tongue,
 And then beguilde ? I hold it as a wronge :
 How canst thou say thou lov'st me ? How can I
 Thinke but thou hat'st me, when thy lips deny
 So poore a Suite ? Alas, my fond desire
 Had slak'd, had not deniall blowne the fire :
 Grant then at last, and let thy open brest
 Shew that thou lov'st me, and grant my faire request :
 Speake, or speake not, thy Delila shall give ore
 To urge ; her lips shall never urge thee more :
 To whom, the yeelding lover thus betrai'd
 His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and said ;

My deare ; my Delila ; I cannot stand
 Against so sweet a pleader ; In thy hand
 I here entrust, and to thy brest impart
 Thy Samsons life, and secrets of his heart ;
 Know then my Delila, that I was borne
 A Nazarite ; These locks were never shorne ;
 No Raisor, yet, came ere upon my crowne ;
 There lies my strength ; with the, my strength is gone :
 Were they but shaven, my Delila ; O, then,
 Thy Samson should be weake as other men ;

No sooner had he spoken, but he spred
 His body on the floore, his drowzy head
 He pillow'd on her lap ; untill, at last,
 He fell into a sleepe ; and, being fast,

She clipt his locks from off his carelesse head,
And beckning the *Philistians* in, she said;
 Samson awake; Take strength and courage on thee;
 Samson arise; The Philistines are on thee :
Even as a Dove, whose wings are clipt, for flying,
Flutters her idle stumps; and still, relying
Upon her wonted refuge, strives in vaine,
To quit her life from danger, and attaine
The freedome of her ayre-dividing plumes ;
She struggles often, and she oft presumes
To take the sanctuary of the open fields ;
But, finding that her hopes are vaine, she yeelds :
Even so poore *Samson* (frighted at the sound,
That rowz'd him from his rest) forsooke the ground;
Perceiving the *Philistians* thereat hand,
To take him pris'ner, he began to stand
Upon his wonted Guarde: His threatening breath
Brings forth the prologue to their following death :
He rowz'd himselfe; and, like a Lyon, shooke
His drowzy limmes; and with a cloudy looke,
(Fore-telling boystrous, and tempestious weather)
Defied each one, defied them all together :
Now, when he came to grapple, he upheav'd
His mighty hand; but, now (alas, bereav'd
Of wonted power) that confounding arme,
(That could no lesse then murther) did no harme;
Blow was exchang'd, for blow; and wound for wound :
He, that, of late, disdained to give ground,
Flies backe apace; who, lately, stain'd the field
With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yeeld;

He, that of late, brake twisted Ropes in twaine,
 Is bound with Packthred; He, that did disdaine
 To feare the power of an Armed Band,
 Can now walke prisoner in a single hand:
 Thus have the trecherous *Philistines* betray'd
 Poore captive *Samson*: *Samson* now obay'd:
 Those glowing eyes, that whirled death about,
 Where ere they view'd, their cursed hands put out;
 They led him pris'ner, and convai'd him downe
 To strong-wall'd *Azza* (that *Philistine* towne,
 Whose gates his shoulders lately bore away)
 There, in the common Prison, did they lay
 Distressed *Samson*, who obtain'd no meate,
 But what he purchas'd with his painfull sweate;
 For, every day, they urg'd him to fulfill
 His twelve howres taske, at the laborious *Mill*;
 And, when his wasted strength began to tyre,
 They'd quicken his bare sides, with whips of Wire:
 Fill'd was the towne with Ioy, and Triumph: All,
 From the high-Prinee, to th' Cobbler, on the stall,
 Kept holy-day, whilst every voice became
 Hoarse, as the Trumpe of newes-divulgeing fame;
 All tongues were fill'd with shouts: And every care
 Was growne impatient of the whisperer;
 So generall was their Triumph, their Applause,
 That children shouted, ere they knew a cause:
 The better sort betooke them to their knees;
Dagon must worship'd be: *Dagon*, that frees
 Both *Sea*, and *Land*, *Dagon*, that did subdue
 Our common foe: *Dagon* must have his due:

Dagon

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Dagon must have his praise; must have his prize :
Dagon must have his holy Sacrifice :
Dagon has brought to our victorious hand
Proud Samson: Dagon has redeem'd our land :
We call to Dagon; and our Dagon heares ;
Our groanes are come to holy Dagons eares ;
To Dagon, all renowne and Glory be ;
Where is there such another God as Hee ?

M E D I T A T. 22.

H ow is our story chang'd? O, more then strange
Effects of so small time ! O, sudden change ;
Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom
Heaven shew'd a Miracle, on the barren wombe ?
Is this that holy Thing, againe whose birth,
Angells must quit their thrones, and visit Earth ?
Is this that blessed Infant, that began
To grow in favour so, with God and man ?
What, is this hee, who (strengthned by heavens hand)
Was borne a Champion, to redeme the Land ?
Is this the man, whose courage did contest
With a fierce Lyon, grappling brest to brest ;

And in a twinkling, tore him quite in sunder ?
 Is this that Conquerer whose Arme did thunder
 Upon the men of Askalon, the power
 Of whose bent fist, slew thirty in an hower ?
 Is this that daring Conquerour, whose hand
 Thrash't the proud Philistines, in their wasted land ?
 And was this He, that with the help of none,
 Destroy'd a thousand with a silly Bone ?
 Or He, whose wrists, being bound together, did
 Breake Cordes like flax, and double Ropes like thrid ?
 Is this the man whose hands unhing'd those Gates,
 And bare them thence, with pillers, barres, & Grates ?
 And is he turn'd a Mill-horse now ? and blinde ?
 Must this great Conquerour be forc'd to grinde
 For bread and water ? Must this Heroe spend
 His latter times in drudgery ? Must he end
 His weary dayes in darkenesse ? Must his hyer,
 Be knotted cords, and torturing whips of wyer ?
 Where heaven withdrawes, the creatures power shakes ;
 What miserie's wanting there, where God forsakes ?
 Had Samson not abus'd his borrow'd power,
 Samson, had still, remain'd a Conquerour :
 The Philistines did act his part ; No doubt,
 His eyes offended, and they plack'd them out :
 Heaven will be just : He punishes a sin,
 Oft, in the member, that he findes it in :
 When faithlesse Zacharias did become
 Too curios, his lips were strucken dumbe :
 Samson whose lastfull view did overprize
 Y~~u~~lawfull beautye's punish't in his eyes ;

Those

Those flaming eyes seduc'd his wanton minde
To act a sinne; Those eyes are stricken blinde;
The beauty he invaded, did invade him,
And that faire tongue, that blest him so, betrayd him :
That strength, intemperate lust imploy'd so ill,
Is now a driving the laborious Mill ;
Those naked sides, so pleasd with lusts desire,
Are, now, as naked, lash'd with whips of wire :

Lord; shouldst thou punish every part in me
That does offend, what member would be free ?
Each member acts his part; They never lin
Vntill they joyne, and make a Body' of sin :
Make sinne my burthen; Let it never please me;
And thou hast promis'd, when I come, to ease me,

S E C T. 23.

A R G U M E N T.

*They make a feast. And then to crowne
 Their mirth, blind Samson is brought thither :
 He pullst the mighty Pillers downe ;
 The Building falls : All slaine together,*

THUS when the vulgar Triumph (which does last
 But seldome, longer then the newes) was past,
 And *Dagons* holy Altars had surceast
 To breath their idle fumes : they call'd a feast,
 A common Feast; whose bounty did bewray
 A common joy, to gratulate the day ;
 Whereto, the Princes, under whose command
 Each province was, in their divided land ;
 Whereto, the Lords, Leuitenants, and all those,
 To whom the supreme Rulers did repose
 An under-trust; whereto, the better sort
 Of gentry, and of Commons did resort,
 With mirth, and jolly tryumph, to allay
 Their sorrowes, and to solemnize the day ;
 Into the common Hall they come : The Hall
 Was large and faire; Her arched roofe was all
 Builded with massie stone, and over lai'd
 With pond'rous Lead; Two sturdy Pillers stai'd

Her

Her mighty Rafters up; whereon, relied
The weighty burthen of her lofty pride.
When lusty diet, and the frollickē cup
Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned spirits up,
And brave triumphing *Bacchus* had displaid
His conquering coullers, in their cheeks, they said,
Call Samson forth; He must not worke to day;
Tis a boone feast; Wee'le give him leave to play;
Does he grinde bravely? Does our Millhorse sweat?
Let him lacke nothing; What he wants in meate,
Supply in lasses; He is strong and stout,
And, with his breath can drive the Mill about:
He workes too hard, we feare: Goe downe and free him;
Say, that his Mistresse, Delila would see him:
The sight of him will take our howers short,
Goe fetch him ther, to make our Honours sport:
Bid him provide some Riddles; Let him bring
Some songs of Triumph: He that's blinde, may sing
With better boldenesse: Bid him never doubt
To please: What matter, though his eyes be out?
Tis no dishonour, that he cannot see;
Tell him, the God of Lou's as blinde, as hee:
With that they brought poore Samson to the Hall;
And as he past, he gropes to finde the wall;
His pace was slow; His feet were lifted high;
Each tongue would taunt him; Every scornefull eye
Was filld with laughter; Some would cry aloud,
Hee walkes in state: His Lordship is growne proud:
Some bid his Honour, Haile; whilst others cast
Reproachfull termes upon him; as he past;

T

Some

Some would salute him fairely, and embrace
 His wounded sides; then spit upon his face :
 Others would cry; *For shame forbear t' abuse*
The high and great Redeemer of the Jewes :
 Some gibe and floute him with their taunts and quips,
 Whilst others flurt him on]the starting lips :
 With that; poore *Samson*, whose abundant grieve,
 Not finding hopes of comfort, or releife,
 Resolv'd for patience: Turning round, he made
 Some shift to feele his Keeper out, and said;

Good Sir : my painefull labour in the Mill
Hath made me bold (although against my will)
To crave some little rest; If you will please
To let the Pillour but afford some ease
To my worne limmes, your mercy should relieve
A soule, that has no more, but thankes, to give :
 The keeper yeelded: (Now the Hall was fill'd
 With *Princes*, and their *People*, that beheld
 Abused *Samson*; whilst the Roofe retain'd
 A leash of thousands more, whose eyes were chain'd
 To this sad Object, with a full delight,
 To see this flesh-and-blood-relenting sight ;
 With that, the pris'ner turnd himselfe and prai'd
 So soft, that none but heaven could heare, and said;

My God, my God : Although my sinnes doe cry
For greater vengeance, yet thy gratioues eye
Is full of mercy ; O, remember now
The gentle promise and that sacred vow
Thou mad'st to faithfull Abram, and his seed,
O, heare my wounded soule, that has lesse need

Of life, then mercy : Let thy tender care
Make good thy plentious promise now, and heare;
See, how thy cursed enemies prevaile
Above my strength ; Behold, how poore and fraile
My native power is, and, wanting thee,
What is there, Oh, what is there (Lord) in me ?
Nor is it I that suffer; My desart
May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert
Extreme to punish : Lord the wrong is thine ;
The punishment is just, and onely mine :
I am thy Champion, Lord ; It is not me
They strike at ; Through my sides, they thrust at thee !
Against thy Glory 'tis, their Malice lies ;
They aym'd at that, when they put out these eyes :
Alas their blood bedabbl'd hands would flie
On thee, wert thou but cloth'd in flesh, as I :
Revenge thy wrongs, great God ; O let thy hand
Redeeme thy suffring honour, and this land :
Lend me thy power ; Renew my wasted strength,
That I may fight thy battells ; and, at length,
Rescue thy Glory ; that my hands may doe
That faithfull service, they were borne unto :
Lend me thy power, that I may restore
Thy losse, and I will never urge thee more :
Thus having ended, both his armes he laid,
Vpon the pillours of the Hall ; and said ;
Thus, with the Philistines, I resigne my breath ;
And let my God finde Glory in my death :
And having spoke, his yeelding body strain'd
Vpon those Marble pillour, that sustain'd

The pondrous Roofe; They crackt; and, with their fall,
 Downe fell the Battlements, and Roofe, and all;
 And, with their ruines, slaughter'd at a blow,
 The whole Assembly; They, that were below,
 Receiv'd their sudden deaths from those that fell
 From off the top; whilst none was left, to tell
 The horrid shreekes, that fill'd the spatiouse Hall,
 Whose ruines were impartiall, and slew all:
 They fell; and, with an unexpected blow,
 Gave every one his death, and Buriall too:

Thus died our *Samson*; whose brave death has won
 More honour, then his honourd life had done:
 Thus died our *Conquerour*; whose latest breath
 Was crown'd with Conquest; triumph'd over death:
 Thus died our *Samson*; whose last drop of blood
 Redeem'd heavens glory, and his Kingdom's good:
 Thus died heavens *Champion*, & the earths bright *Glory*;
 The heavenly subject of this sacred story:
 And thus th' impartiall hand of death that gathers
 All to the *Grave*, repos'd him with his fathers;
 Whose name shall flourish, and be still in prime,
 In spight of ruine, or the teeth of *Time*;
 Whose fame shall last, till heaven shall please to free
 This *Earth* from Sinne, and *Time* shall cease to be.

M E D I T.

M E D I T A T . 23.

VV Ages of sinne, is death. The day must come,
Wherein, the equall hand of death must summe
The severall Items of mans fading glory,
Into the easie Totall of one Story :
The browes that sweat for kingdomes and renowne,
To gloryfie their Temples with a Crowne ;
At length, grow cold, and leave their honour'd name
To flourish in th' uncertayne blast of fame :
This is the height that glorious mortalls can
Attaine; This is the highest pitch of Man :
The quilted Quarters of the Earths great Ball,
Whose unconfined limits were too small
For his extreme Ambition, to deserve,
Six foote of length, and three of breadth must serve :
This is the highest pitch that Man can flie ;
And after all his Triumph, he must die :
Lives he in Wealth ? Does well deserved store
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more ?
And does the fairest bounty of encrease
Cowne him with plenty; and, his dayes with peace ?
It is a right hand blessing; But supplie
Of wealth cannot secure him ; He must die :

Lives he in Pleasure ? Does perpetuall mirth
Lend him a little Heaven upon his earth ?

Meets he no sullen care, no sudden losse
To coole his joyes ? Breathes he without a crosse ?
Wants he no pleasure, that his wanton eye
Can crave, or hope from fortune ? He must dye :
Lives he in Honour ? Hath his faire desart
Obtain'd the freedome of his Princes heart ?
Or may his more familiar hands disburse
His liberall favours, from the royll purse ?
Alas, his Honour cannot soare too high,
For palefac'd death to follow : He must dye :

Lives he a Conqu'rour ? And doth heaven blesse
His heart with spirit; that spirit, with successse,
Successse, with Glory ; Glory, with a name,
To live with the Eternity of Fame ?
The progresse of his lasting fame may vye
With time ; But yet the Conquerour must dye :

Great, and good God: Thou Lord of life and death,
In whom, the Creature, hath his being; breath,
Teach me to underprize this life, and I
Shall finde my losse the easier, when I dye ;
So raise my feeble thoughts, and dull desire,
That when these vaine and weary dayes expire,
I may discard my flesh, with joy, and quit
My better part, of this false earth; and it
Of some more sinne; and, for this Transitory
And teadious life, enjoy a life of Glory.

The end.

Jan 1968